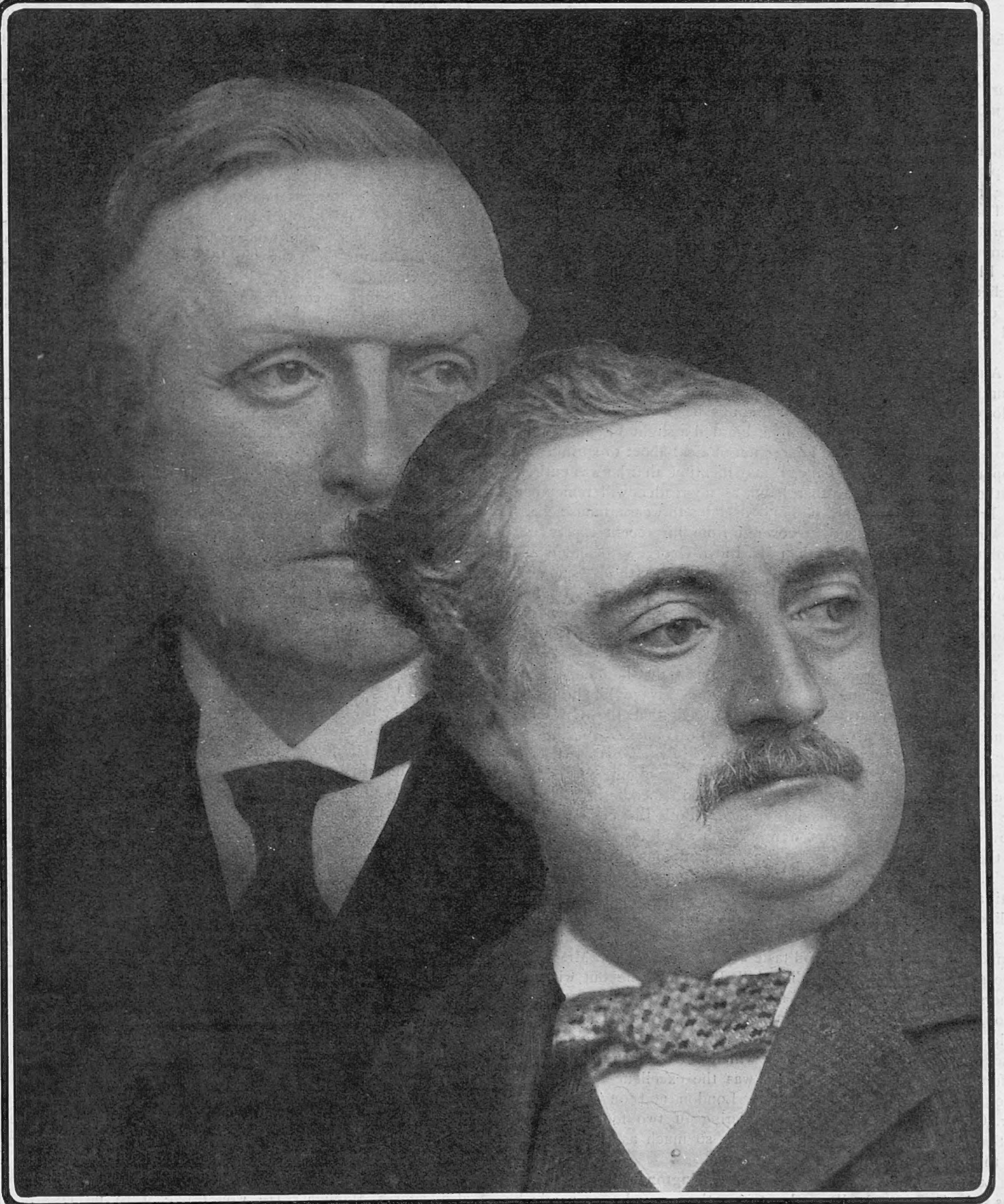


The Sketch

No. 890.—Vol. LXIX.

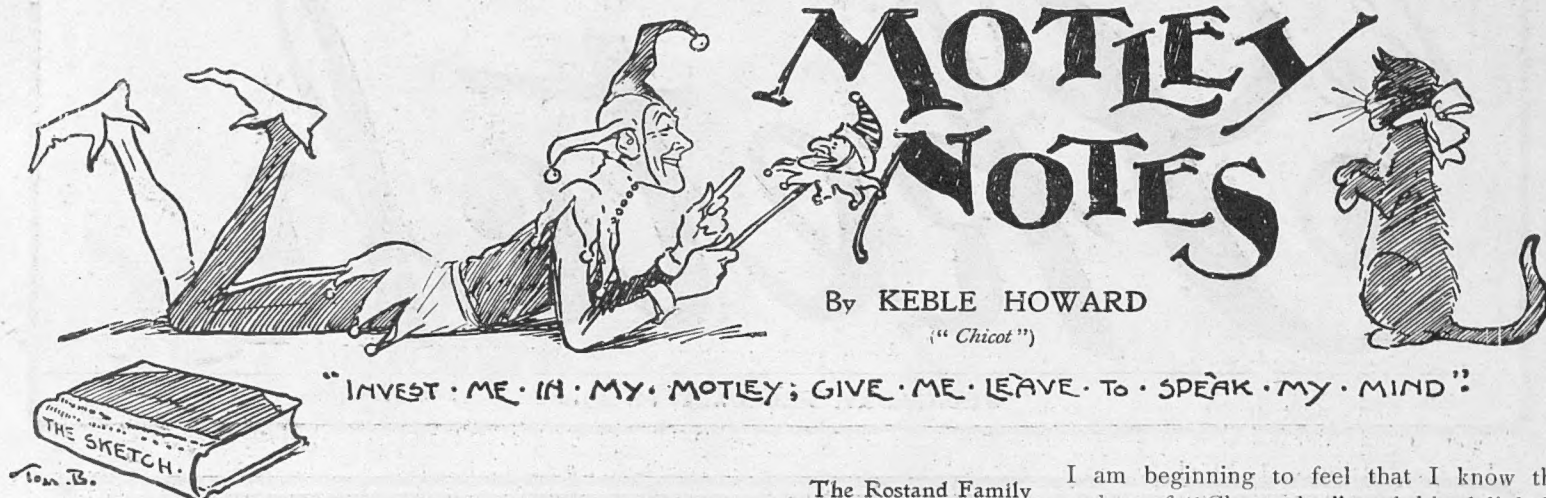
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



THE PRIME MINISTER, 1910.

Photographs of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond by Beresford.



The Rostand Family Day by Day.

I am beginning to feel that I know the author of "Chantecler" and his delightful family very well indeed. Let us begin with M. Rostand himself. It is important to remember that he "loathes publicity." This is a virtue that he shares with nearly all great people. We have it on the authority of his nearest and dearest friend that M. Rostand loathes publicity. So keenly does the nearest and dearest friend feel on this point that he has written a column in a daily paper with a very large circulation to tell us about it. What else does he tell us about this modest poet? That he compared the interest taken in "Chantecler" to the rising of the Seine. (Could humility further go?) "During the period of rehearsals, when Rostand would return home exhausted and appear late in the dining-room wearing his usual 'khaki' jacket, the poet often seemed disheartened. He could never get this or that scene to be performed according to his ideal. One actor 'sang' the verses too much, another too little." Compare this awful strain with the ease and smoothness of rehearsals in an English theatre (where we are content to reproduce the morals of the farmyard without the actual feathers). Do our dramatists show signs of weariness or anxiety after rehearsal? No! They dance, they sing, they shriek for joy! Everything is perfect!

The Dog-Fancier.

Let us turn now to Mme. Rostand. Mme. Rostand, we are told, is very fond of dogs. This singular taste, rarely to be found in a woman, at once stamps her as a lady of highly original mind. But Mme. Rostand goes to enthusiastic lengths to secure fine breeds of dogs. "Only recently she stood a whole morning with her feet in the water watching the movements of a number of Paris police-dogs, a specimen of which she afterwards purchased." M. Rostand, it seems, has an extraordinary amount of influence in his own home. In deference to the poet, for example, his wife and his younger son, Jean, have studied his handwriting so closely that they can now reproduce it exactly. You can't tell it from father's, which would be useful if father happened to be out when the butcher called for his cheque. By the way, the nearest and dearest is much hurt because people have said that M. Rostand earns quantities and quantities of money. At the same time, he is bound to admit, however regretfully, that the director of a French illustrated weekly has paid three hundred thousand francs for the right to publish "Chantecler" in serial form, and that M. Rostand makes three thousand golden sovereigns a year from the sale of his works in book-form alone. Ah, the pity of it! The pity of it all!

How Maurice Adores Mamma.

Last of all comes Master Maurice Rostand. Master Maurice has a very high opinion of "Chantecler" as a work of art. (It will also help to pay for Master Maurice's socks and cigarettes; but that is another matter.) He considers "Chantecler" admirable. He considers it human. He considers it the best thing Papa has done. He is afraid that some of the critics did not understand it. Master Maurice would like to explain it all to them, bit by bit, quietly. Besides, he is himself bringing out a little book soon, to be called "A Conversation with Fame." Then another little book called "Laurels." The first, presumably, will be a talk with Papa. The second, personal impressions of the result of the published talk with Papa. He loves everything that is great—Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Aeschylus, and Papa. He also adores Mamma. He would like it to be known that he thoroughly adores Mamma. He called after the interviewer, it seems, to implore him to make a note of the fact that he (Maurice) adored Mamma. And I hear that he is writing a fantastic play with Mamma. Who said that the sons of successful men have no push?

What the Public Loves.

A dense crowd of eleven people, not including myself (writes our Street Life Special Commissioner), assembled in Downing Street on Thursday morning to witness the arrival of Cabinet Ministers for the meeting at which must be decided the all-important policy they intend to pursue when Parliament opens. Perfect order was maintained by two constables on foot and one on horseback. Despite the heavy fall of rain, jokes, mostly of a political character, were freely bandied.

The first Minister to put in an appearance was Mr. Lloyd-George, arm-in-arm with young Mr. Masterman, who had the honour of being photographed three hundred and eight times with Mr. Lloyd-George during the recent trip of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Riviera. Mr. Lloyd-George, who was wearing a fur coat and his famous cloth cap, was smoking a large cigar, and appeared to be in excellent health none the less. Young Mr. Masterman stepped out very prettily.

After Mr. Lloyd-George, but not long after, came Mr. Winston Churchill, the bosom friend, as all the world knows, of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Churchill's head was well down and his back arched. As he walked he emitted a slight hissing sound. Altogether, he gave me the impression of a cat about to spring. In support of this first-rate simile, I may mention that he was entirely swathed in fur. On the other hand, as my readers will remember, the President of the Board of Trade disdains to wear a moustache.

Mr. Haldane, evidently recovered from his recent illness, was smoking a cigar even larger than Mr. Lloyd-George's. I understand that, in deference to Mrs. Asquith's express wishes, these "smokes," if my readers will pardon the colloquialism, are extinguished before the Ministers penetrate to the inner recesses of the world-renowned "Number Ten." Doubtless; however, they are re-lighted on emerging.

Mr. Burns came round the corner so fast that he bumped into the mounted policeman, narrowly escaping a savage bite from the horse. He was wearing the blue pilot-suit that the House of Commons has known so well for the last thirty years. As he has often been heard to say in the Lobby, his keen eyes twinkling merrily the while, "John for navy blue, and navy blue for John!" Loud cheers were raised as Mr. Burns passed beneath the portal of the Prime Minister's official residence. Both the cheerers, who proved to be of tender years, were promptly and fearlessly arrested by the stalwart guardians of the peace and minions of the law.

The Cabinet Council commenced at half-past eleven and lasted until a quarter to one—exactly one hour and a quarter. I am not at liberty to say at the moment what was the precise course of action decided upon by Ministers, but I do not think I am exceeding the bounds of discretion and good taste when I mention that Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Winston Churchill did not come out with the others. Subsequent inquiries showed that they got over the wall into Mr. Lloyd-George's official residence, and then had lunch, followed by the consumption of enormous cigars. The chief topic discussed during luncheon, in which Mr. Masterman joined deferentially from time to time, was the excellence of snapshot photography as practised both in London and on the Riviera. Mr. Churchill confessed, in the hearing of two footmen and a butler, that nothing thrilled him quite so much as the click-click of the snapshot camera.

Later in the afternoon, I saw Lord Carrington in the Mall. He was swinging an umbrella, and got over the ground very neatly by placing one foot before the other, and then the other before the first one. And so on.

It is understood that Mr. Asquith continues to take his early cup of tea. I am not at liberty to say when he will have an audience of the King.

AN IRISH BEAUTY ENGAGED TO AN IRISH BARONET.



*From Daly's to Debrett: Miss Irene Desmond,
the future Lady Levinge.*

When we last gave a portrait of Miss Irene Desmond, in our issue of Dec. 29, we pointed out that her name betokened peace and plenty, for Eirene was the Greek goddess of peace, who was also worshipped as a goddess of wealth, and was represented in art in company with Plutus, among her symbols being a cornucopia and an olive-branch. The destiny indicated by her name is now to be fulfilled, for Miss Desmond has just become engaged to a wealthy young Irish baronet, Sir Richard W. Levinge, of Knockdrin Castle, Mullingar. He is the tenth baronet, and is a Lieutenant in the South Irish Horse Special Reserve, having been formerly in the 8th Hussars. Miss Desmond is well known on the musical-comedy stage. She appeared in "The Merry Widow," at Daly's; also in "The Belle of Mayfair," and "Les Merveilleuses." She and her sister, Miss Gladys Desmond, are very skillful roller-skaters, and are acknowledged queens of the sport. Sir Richard hopes to be married in the course of the year. They will make their home at Knockdrin Castle, and Miss Desmond will not return to the stage after her marriage.—[Photograph by Rila Martin.]

THE "CHANTECLER" HAT AND THE "GUITRY" TOQUE.
AND SOME OTHER "CHANTECLER" FASHIONS FROM THE MAISON LEWIS.



THE ROSTAND RAGE REACHES "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS": MISS EMMY WEHLEN
WEARING A "CHANTECLER" HAT.

Miss Emmy Wehlen, the fair lion-tamer of "The Dollar Princess," is now associated with a less formidable animal, namely, the king of the poultry-yard, instead of the king of beasts, for she has introduced a "Chantecler" hat at Daly's, from whence it will doubtless spread far and wide through the world of fashion. The smaller portraits in the border show various other types of millinery based on Rostand's farmyard play which bid fair to become equally popular. Nos. 1 and 6 show specimens of the hen-pheasant hat, as worn by Mme. Simone in "Chantecler." Nos. 2, 4, and 5, like the central portrait, show the white-hen hat as worn by Mme. Deraisy, who plays La Poule blanche. Nos. 3 and 8 show the "Guitry" toque, which is based on the headdress worn by M. Guitry as Chantecler himself.

Photograph of Miss Emmy Wehlen by the Dover Street Studios; the rest by Illustrations Bureau.

THE OPERA THAT WILL "ELEKTRIFY" LONDON.

TO SING THE MOST ARDUOUS SCORE EVER WRITTEN: CHARACTERS IN STRAUSS'S "ELEKTRA,"
TO BE PRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT COVENT GARDEN ON SATURDAY.



1. THE FAMOUS GERMAN BARITONE WHO WILL MAKE HIS DÉBUT IN LONDON AS ORESTES IN "ELEKTRA": HERR WEIDEMANN.

2. TAKING THE NAME-PART IN "ELEKTRA": MISS EDYTH WALKER.

3. THE FAMOUS PRIMA-DONNA OF THE VIENNA IMPERIAL OPERA: FRAU VON MILDENBURG, WHO PLAYS CLYTEMNESTRA IN "ELEKTRA."

"Elektra," the latest and most startling of the operas of Richard Strauss, is to be given for the first time in this country at Covent Garden on Saturday, as the opening performance of Mr. Thomas Beecham's season. The score, both for the singers and the orchestra, is said to be the most difficult ever written. Some well-known singers, in fact, have found the strain too much for their voices. Only the most powerful lungs are able to cope with it. There was a legend that, at the rehearsals, the composer would call to the conductor, "Louder! Louder! I still hear some of the voices." This, of course, is not true, but it is one of those jests in which many a true word is spoken. It suggests, namely, that the voices in "Elektra" have much ado to prevail over the instrumental sounds invented by the "great despot of din," as one of our lighter poets once called the composer of "Elektra" and "Salome."—[Photographs No. 1 and 3 by Angerer, Vienna; 2, by the Dover Street Studios.]

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"CHANTECLER": AN AMUSING PROTEST.

WE reproduce below, by kind permission of the editor of the *Field*,
 part of a letter on "Chantecler," which appeared in that paper
 for Feb. 12—

SIR,—As an ardent lover of rural life and an enthusiastic admirer
 of the farmyard and its various inhabitants, I crave the courtesy of
 your columns to make my small protest heard amid the universal
 chorus of praise that has echoed round M. Edmond Rostand's play, in
 which the only thing I can heartily commend is the prologue. . . .

The only three quadrupeds which appear in the play are a "watch-
 dog," a "sporting-dog," and a cat. Native experts may be able to
 distinguish between the various breeds of French dogs. But those of us
 who knew our France some time ago will hardly think there was any
 necessity for M. Rostand's somewhat unchivalrous insistence on Patou's
 frank admission that he is a mongrel. . . . "Moi je suis tous les
 chiens." As the Cambridge dog-dealer said when an intending
 purchaser asked what breed a certain animal was—"Why, Sir, all the
 best." Patou acknowledges to strains of spaniel, mastiff, bulldog, fox-
 hound, poodle, and a few more. He would have been drowned long
 before so complicated a genealogy had become visible in England. He
 sounds, indeed, very like that indeterminate animal about whom the old
 gentleman was so curious on the platform at Oxford railway-station,
 and all that a somewhat harassed guard knew about the creature was
 that it was "got by a porter out of a luggage van." No wonder Patou
 is represented as a bit of a philosopher! He would need something
 to comfort him amid the conflicting emotions of a heredity so hetero-
 geneous.

But it is in his birds, and more particularly in the chief characters of
 the cock and the hen pheasant, that M. Rostand's attempted realism
 breaks down most hopelessly. Naturally, one of the first difficulties
 which would occur to those who know something about fowls is how it
 would be possible for a man, whose legs bend outwards at the knee,
 to represent adequately a bird, whose legs bend inwards. But perhaps
 it may be better not to inquire too curiously into this point, but
 rather to consider the body of the bird. Here it has been found possible
 to give a conventional appearance which would almost satisfy a con-
 scientious farmer sufficiently imaginative to make allowances for an
 aperture in which the human face could appear. With feathers, scaly
 gaiters, and claws the cock becomes complete, but, as may easily be
 seen from the pictures which have appeared, the species seems to
 approximate rather to the *Avis cockiollis* of the schoolboy than to
 the *Gallus domesticus* of the naturalist. It is difficult to be sure
 whether he actually crows, unless his "Cocorico" is accepted as
 the French equivalent for our "Cock-a-doodle-do." But since he
 scratches an imaginary hole before making his first speech, since he spurs
 and is spurred in combat with a gamecock, it is pretty certain that
 M. Rostand, who evidently is nothing if not thorough, desired the bird
 to crow, and thus complete the part. It is, however, in his relations—
 and I can only characterise them as intimate relations—with the hen
 pheasant that I find the gravest ornithological errors perpetrated.

All the world has long been anxious to know how Mme. Simone,
 one of the most charming of Parisian actresses, looks in her new and
 strange attire. Everyone who lives in the country is aware that a hen pheas-
 ant is far less gorgeous in appearance than the members of the oppo-
 site sex, and M. Rostand has arranged that his golden pheasant, having
 decided to try the blessings of single life, should take on the plumage
 of the male bird. In this he is, of course, justified, although such
 instances are rare; but it is not usual for hen birds who have taken
 on male plumage to listen to the overtures of any male bird what-
 soever, nor would any union of this kind be fertile. This particular
rara avis becomes still more rare because, being a golden pheasant,
 she makes up to a barndoor cock, for naturalists are agreed that,
 although a barndoor cock may pair with a hen pheasant, or a cock
 pheasant with a domestic hen, the golden pheasant will not coun-
 tenance such irregularities. The unfortunate result of his amours
 upon Chantecler himself is the only hint I can find that M. Rostand
 in the least realises the difficulty of the situation he has somewhat too
 daringly invented. . . .

To sum up, Sir, I think that M. Rostand's art, in this case, is a very
 poor picture of life as we know it, and if, as I hear is the case in France
 nowadays, their life is more usually the mirror of their art, I must express
 a respectful regret for the approaching decadence of farmyard morals
 on the other side of the Channel.
 ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE.

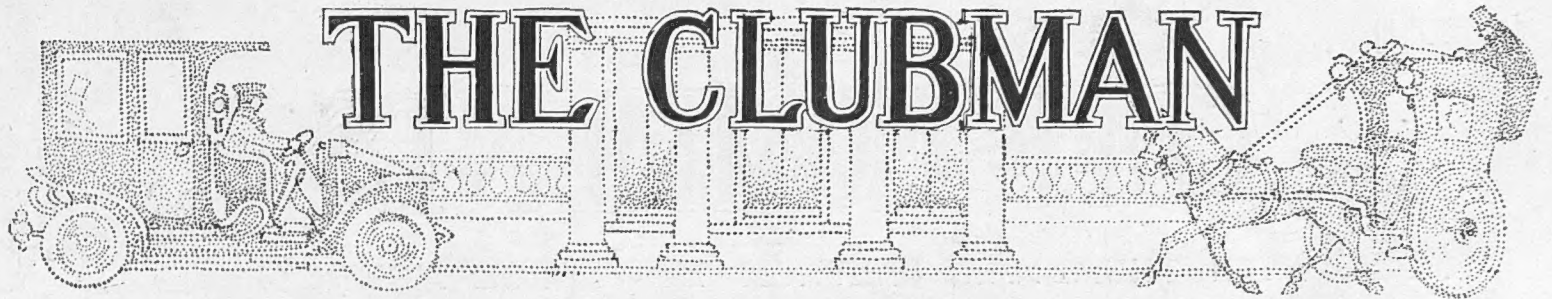
SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
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 Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental
 loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts,
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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full
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 of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on
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The Gridiron Club.

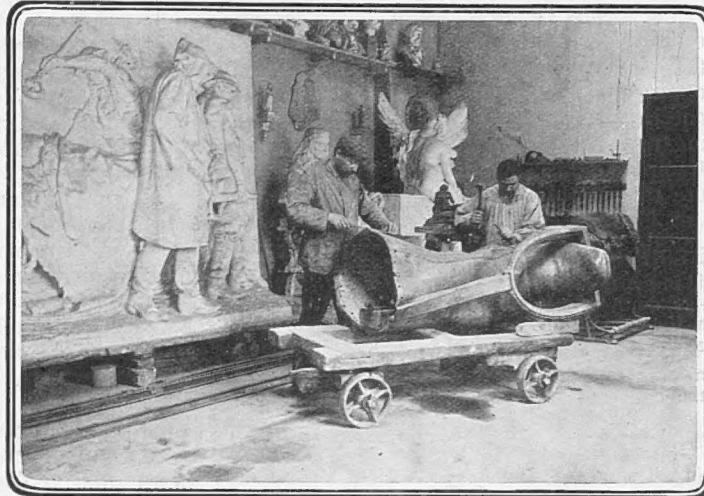
President Taft has in his turn been a guest at the Gridiron Club, at Washington, and he and his Cabinet have heard some home truths very wittily expressed by the members of that club, who once a year lecture, in their own humorous way, all the great people of North America. The members of the Gridiron Club are mostly men of the pen. At their annual banquet, they give some kind of stage performance, in which the doings of the year are satirised. All the statesmen of America accept with enthusiasm the invitations issued by this very original club, and sit and laugh heartily at the jokes created at their own expense. Mr. Roosevelt was mercilessly chaffed at one of these banquets for his fierce attack upon those writers who invent wonderful tales about wild animals. At this year's banquet Mr. Knox was the special object of the gibes of the wits of the club. He was represented as sending ultimatums to all the countries of the world for laughable reasons, and his mock representative emphasised each ultimatum issued with the blow of a bat—a piece of wood which has replaced the famous big stick of the ex-President. We in England have no club which exactly corresponds to the American Gridiron, and it may be doubted whether our statesmen would like to be chaffed thus in public. In Freemasonry there is a little club which somewhat resembles it—a club established to counteract all the beautiful things that Freemasons habitually say of each other. At this club no man may say anything flattering about a brother-member, and no one becomes a member, unless he has been unanimously blackballed.

"Gambols." The Americans do not possess the aptitude for quiet club life that we have. An American visiting our sedate, old-fashioned social clubs always declares that they are uniquely English, and that America can show nothing exactly like them. But Americans, on the other hand, have a special genius for all that is eccentric and amusing in club life. Some of their Bohemian clubs are wonderful places, far more startling than the Savage or the Eccentric Clubs, or any of our other Bohemian meeting-places. There is a club in San Francisco which is apparently given over to huge spiders, who have drawn their webs over all the walls. There are clubs where every man has to cook his own dinner, and where a member on entering the kitchen, which is also the dining-room, is enveloped by an attendant in a great white apron, and given a gridiron on which he cooks his own chop.

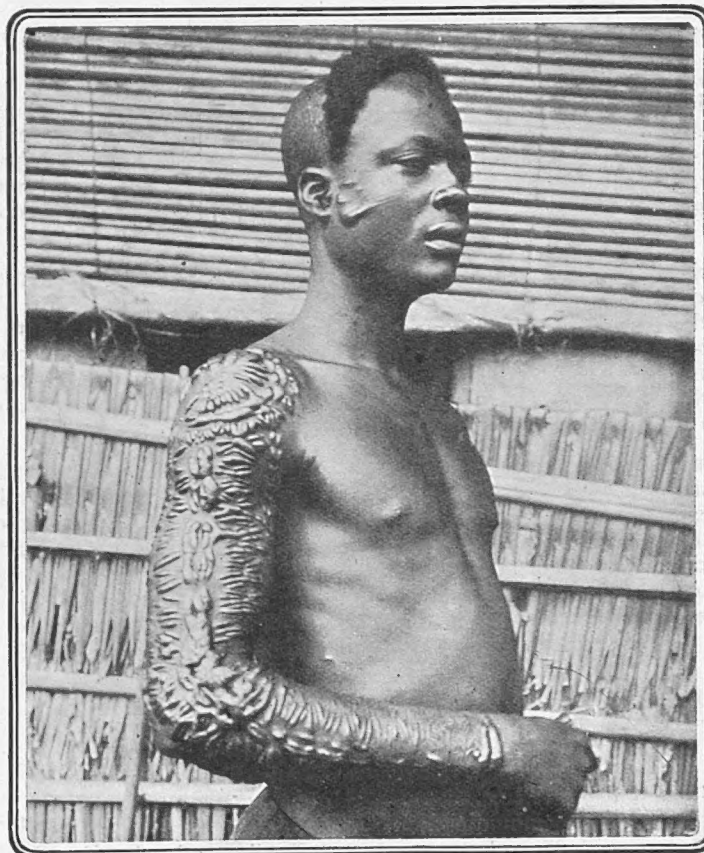
"The Lambs," that very enterprising and amusing actors' club in New York, was, I think, the first club in America to institute "gambols," a happy-go-lucky entertainment in which all the great celebrities of the stage who belong to the club took part.

The Cane at School.

Into the rights and wrongs of the case of the boy whose mother would not let him be caned at school, and who brought an action against the headmaster to compel him to receive the boy back into the school, I will not go, but I cannot imagine any punishment more severe than to let the boy know that, if he did return to the school, he would have to undergo a caning. I know by experience that it is not so much the actual beating with a cane that hurts as the anticipation of that beating, and to allow any long time to elapse between the offence and the punishment is to make any sensitive boy go through much suffering. This boy, if he returned to the school on the conditions laid down by the headmaster, would have had weeks of anticipation.



SOMETHING LIKE THE GIANT'S SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS: THE FOOT OF THE GREAT VICTOR EMMANUEL STATUE, WHOSE HEAD WEIGHS TWO TONS. The gigantic equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel, for the national memorial at Rome, is one of the largest works of sculpture on record. The inside of the horse holds thirty people easily. The head of the figure with its helmet is 2½ feet high, and weighs over two tons. The breast of the horse weighs nearly seven tons, the abdomen nearly nine tons, and the trappings about four tons.—[Photograph supplied by C. Abeni-car.]



TATTOOING IN BAS-RELIEF: A NEGRO'S ARM IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA. Elaborate tattoo patterns are not uncommon, even among "sailors of the Royal N.," as the "Bab Ballad" hath it, but tattooing in raised relief, as in the specimen here shown, is something of a novelty. Apparently we could all have the frieze of the Parthenon on our persons if we so desired.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Biribi. The Chamber of Deputies in Paris is to be asked to allow Biribi to be re-established. Biribi is the slang term used in the French Army to denote the punishment battalions in Algeria. French humanitarians, after having succeeded in securing the abolishment of capital punishment, turned their attention to the penal companies in Algeria, and obtained their disbandment. Novels were written concerning them, and at the Théâtre Antoine a play was produced, called "Biribi," which was a succession of horrors. Its plot was that a retired officer, a martinet, surrendered his son to the military authorities for some minor offence; that the boy went from bad to worse, and finally was sent out to Africa to Biribi. Parisian audiences howled and booed when they saw prisoners lying handcuffed in the African sun, while the *sous-officiers* sat in the shade and drank absinthe. There was one scene in which the convict soldiers, marching in heavy order in the desert, mutinied; and the sympathy of the audience was entirely with the mutineers. Apaches and other bad characters, have, since the abolition of Biribi, been placed in the ranks alongside good, honest young peasants, the sons of tradesmen and of gentle-folk, who are the excellent material of the rank-and-file of France. The theft of a machine-gun, and an unspeakable insult to the standard of a French regiment, have been some of the results of this mixing of the bad with the good. It is now proposed to establish *compagnies d'exclus*, military units into which hardened criminals of civil life will be drafted to do their military service, for France does not acknowledge that a bad character prevents a man from serving his country. Other youths who have got into trouble in their native

towns, but who are not looked upon as irreclaimable, are to be drafted into battalions serving in Africa, so as to be away from local influences; but this is not to be looked upon in any way as a disgrace.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.



MUSOLINO, the Italian brigand, has gone mad in prison. He was perfectly sane one morning, but as he asked for something to read, his gaolers, with fiendish cruelty, gave him a copy of the "Iliad." He read the poem right through, and was found hopelessly insane in the evening. Without pausing to inquire if he was not mad to attempt the task, will anyone now venture to uphold the teaching of Greek at Cambridge?

THE PASSING OF THE TUBE.

(It is said in the fashion papers that the tubular, up-and-down style of dress is going out, and that the waist is to be the mode once more.)

Chloe, my Chloe, d'you think it's advisable,
To follow the fashions that Paris decrees?
If you submit you'll be unrecognisable,
Don't change your figure too suddenly, please.
I'm so accustomed to see you in tubular
Garments that sheath you from shoulder to shoe,
That if I met you in something more "cubular"
I should have doubts if the vision were you.

Chloe, my Chloe, they say that all dutiful
Maidens who worship at Venus's shrine,
Now must attain to the height of the beautiful
By growing a curve, not an up-and-down line.
Oh, think it over, umbrella-sheathed deity,
Squeeze not in two that exiguous form,
Yield not to dressmakers' idle velleity,
Chloe, my Chloe, don't bow to the storm!



communicating with some planet other than Mars. This is most unkind. What has poor old Mars done to be slighted in this way?

Massa Jack Johnson, the "cullud pug," has been delivering a lecture on "Manliness" in New York. In speaking of pugilism, he said: "By natural cleavage, the subject separates automatically into those twain aspects, classifications, norms, terminologies, or departments. I take it that what I say is obvious without further exegesis or elucidation." It is no wonder that

Johnson made hay of Burns if he can sling the English language about in this fashion.



A learned gentleman, in the course of a lecture on London, sanitary inspectors, and the atmosphere, is reported to have said that he hoped in time we should have a London "as free, bright, and clear as Monte Carlo." Awful, really awful! It has always been a commonplace that Monte Carlo is a sink of iniquity, the abode of the Evil One, and many similar things. This horrible laxity comes of pulling down Exeter Hall.

WHAT IS WHISKY?

(At a meeting of the Islington Borough Council, Mr. Meakin, the treasurer, stated that the Council's prosecution, with a view to determining the question, "What is Whisky?" had cost the rates £2062 18s. 4d.)

Merrie Islington paid away
A couple of thousand pounds and more,
For a definition which leaves us all
Just as wise as we were before.

At first sight it seemed possible that some light might be thrown on this subject by the announcement of a lecture at the Waldorf Hotel on "Pure Spirits and My Experiences"; but this hope was dashed when the notice continued, "when trying to communicate with the unseen world."

The great Marathon race for the South Pole is timed to finish at the end of December 1911. Captain Scott will start from one side, and Commander Peary from the other, and the first to hang his hat on the Pole will be the winner. Dr. Cook has been scratched.

A despatch from Winnipeg says that Dutch Henry, the last of the "bad men," has been shot in a duel with a policeman. Now that we are all good and the Millennium has begun, we can follow Lord Fisher's advice and sleep quietly in our beds.

They have queer habits in Servia. In a police-court case in Belgrade, a witness explained that he was really a detective, but had dressed like a policeman in order to avoid recognition. In England a policeman dresses in plain clothes in order to look like Sherlock Holmes.

"But," as a hardened ruffian once observed, "I knew yer by yer boots."

In America a million people are refusing to eat meat. Have they only just heard of the Chicago revelations?



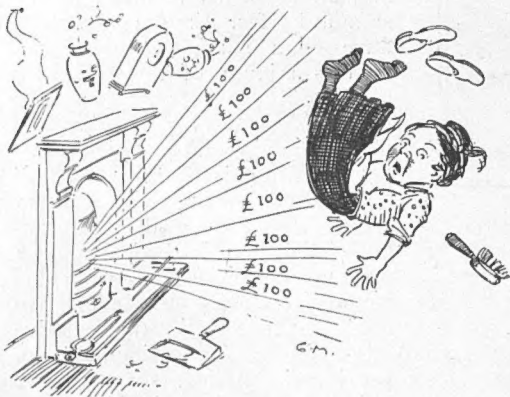
Home Notes. A witness at the Bow County Court explained that walli-wallis are pickled cucumbers. Good. Now we know where we are. This is better than meexly-peexly, which is the Italian variant of mixed pickles.

No sooner has it been announced that Mr. Roosevelt has slain a white rhinoceros in East Africa than the news comes that a white fox has been seen near Newbury. It is easy enough to understand why the rhinoceros turned white when it saw Mr. Roosevelt, but who has been frightening the fox?

Mr. Henry Broadhurst has presented to the Speaker the mallet and chisels he used when, as a stonemason, he worked at the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament. This is a refutation of the proverb which says that fools build houses for wise men to live in.

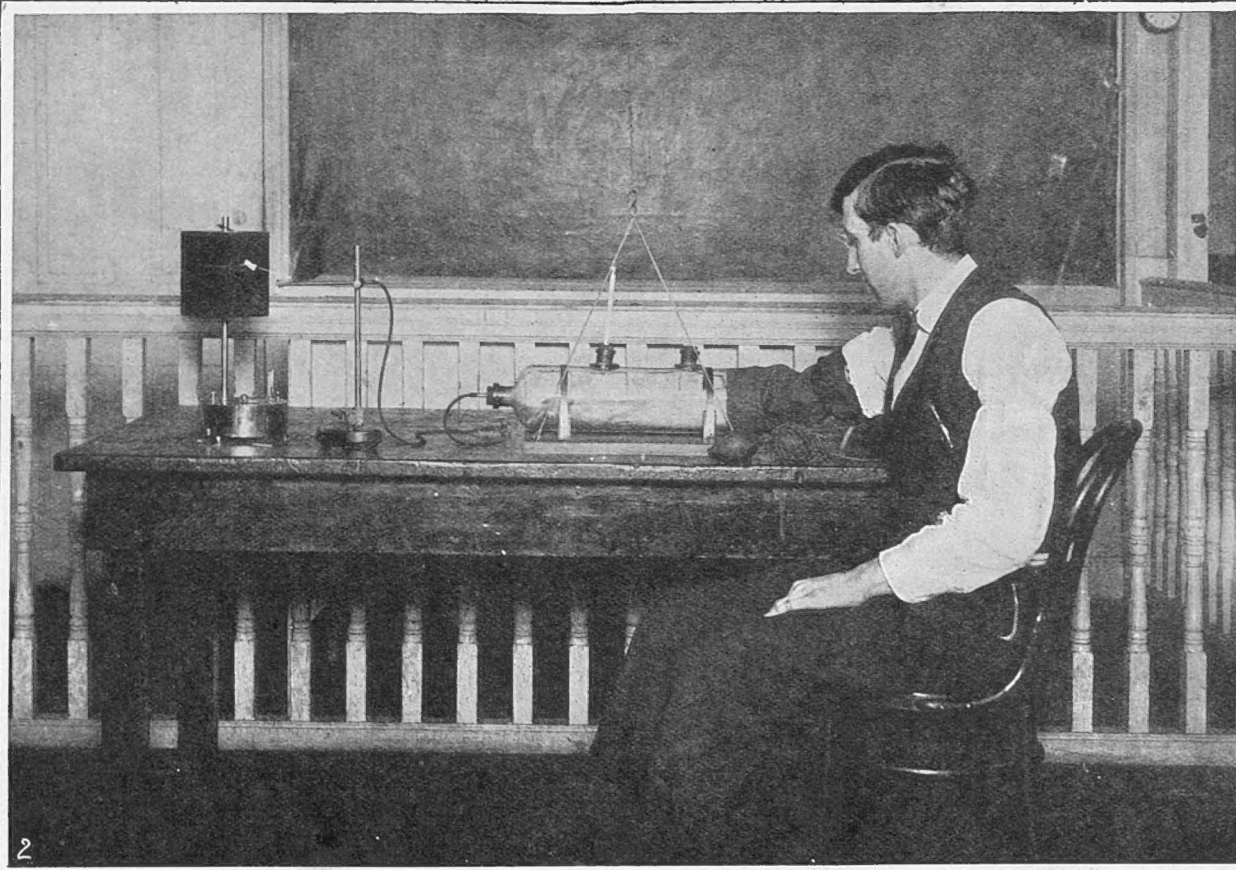
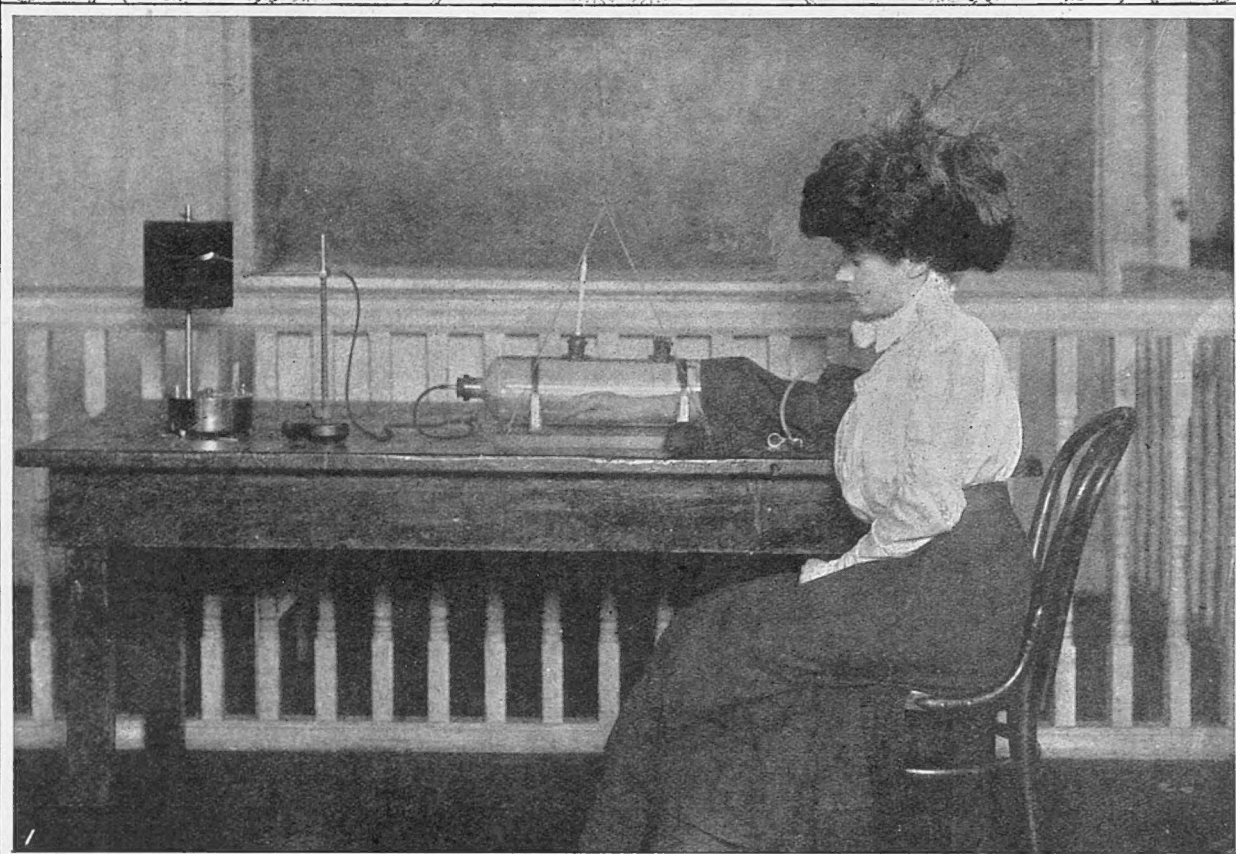
Unscientific people who do not possess any radium have been heard to cast doubts on the necessity for establishing a Radium Bank of Great Britain. They will jeer no longer now that a London specialist has lost £800 worth of the material, or article, or whatever it is. His servant put it in the fire, but though London was not immediately wiped off the face of the earth, we should feel much safer if the precious stuff were banked, and not left about for jokers to monkey with.

For years we have been trying to get into communication with Mars, but now, all of a sudden, the French Academy of Science has offered the Prix Guzman of 100,000 francs to the individual who shall first discover the method of



SHE LOVES ME—SHE LOVES ME NOT! THE TRUE-LOVE INDICATOR.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



WEARING YOUR HEART ON YOUR SLEEVE: AN APPARATUS THAT RECORDS A LOVER'S FEELINGS.

The latest American invention is an apparatus called a plethysmograph, for testing scientifically the warmth of a lover's affections. It consists of a rubber bag and a series of rubber tubes connecting with a needle-point on an indicator. The person whose feelings are to be tested puts his or her arm into the rubber bag, which is then drawn tight and filled with water. If the patient is a lady, the names of various young men of her acquaintance are introduced in conversation; if a gentleman, the names of his lady friends. Should any name stir the heart to fond feelings the indicator mounts up, whereas those to whom the patient is indifferent cause it to descend. The movements of the indicator are caused by the almost imperceptible quickening or retardation of the pulse when influenced by the thoughts of the person

undergoing the test.—[Photographs by Topical.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"Reechloo"
Revived.

A little while ago, I was rash enough to say—in print, alas!—that the plays of Bulwer Lytton were dead; not as dead as the comedies of Sheridan Knowles, but still dead, and here comes Mr. Robert Hilton with a revival of "Richelieu" at the Strand. I do not think that in London the piece has been given since Irving's second revival of it at the Lyceum nearly eighteen years ago. "Money," I fancy, was last presented at the Comedy in January 1900, whilst "The Lady of Lyons," that famous, preposterous battle-horse of "star" players, has been sleeping a little longer. I approach "Richelieu" with almost as much timidity as the English approach a name which does not sound well pronounced as "Reechloo" and is almost as great a stumper to our tongue as the name of the champagne city, which, with audacious cowardice, we call "Reams," as if it were the centre of the paper industry. For "Richloo," another variant, has been highly praised by critics entitled to great respect. After re-reading it the other night, and re-forming my own opinion as to its literary quality, I looked at Henry Morley's "Journal of a London Playgoer," to which some of us attach considerable importance, and felt horrified, for that really estimable critic, who treats the play quite seriously as a work of art, talks of "the fine dramatic writing," of the "thoroughly dramatic dialogue that elicits character and is instinct with thought, the language that has in its measured cadence a true music and an unaffected dignity"; and he uses the phrase, "the genius, in short, of the author." This, indeed, was written in Lytton's lifetime, about eight years, in fact, before his death—that is to say, in 1865, when the Lytton legend was still a force in English drama, and just before the time when, thanks to Robertson, the English theatre began to crawl out of the abysmal depths.

Possible Treatment
of It.

No doubt "Richelieu" is a very famous work. When I picked up the quotation-book, which blushes unseen behind a curtain on my shelves, I found no fewer than three quotations from the play, though there is a nasty note, referring to the fact that St. Simon and Burton had the indelicacy to anticipate the phrase about the pen and the sword. But there are other very famous plays—for instance, those of Otway, and "Ion" and Dr. Johnson's drama, and the tragedies of Miss Joanna Baillie, which are allowed to sleep in very well-earned peace. If one of our modern dramatists were to bring the manuscript of "Richelieu" to a manager, he would be advised to turn it into prose, upon the ground that verse sadly handicaps a melodrama of intrigue, and it would also be suggested that its blank verse is a good deal below an acceptable modern standard. After he had turned it into prose, simplified the construction, and added some

comic scenes, Mr. X would have produced it, probably with success. Fundamentally it is an excellent specimen of melodrama of intrigue, rather loose in construction and divided into too many scenes; but it would be recognised that there is a "fat" leading part—a capital juvenile lead, a good heavy character—that the leading lady is not neglected; and also that it has plenty of incidents and strong "curtains." No one would speak of it as having any grandeur of conception or subtlety of character-drawing; indeed, I fancy the limit would have been reached by the odious adjective "sterling."

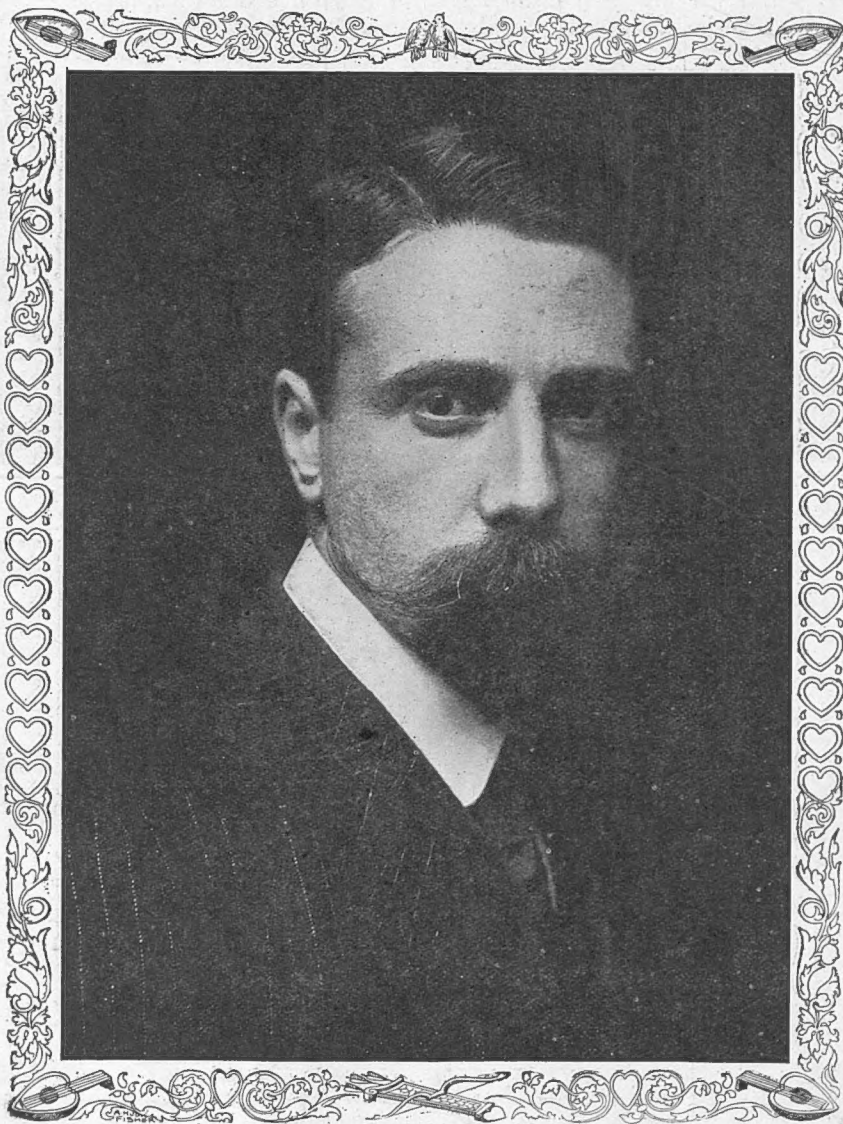
Impossible Treat-
ment of It.

The way
not to
handle

Lytton's play is to present it with some timid cuts, a mediocre company, and an earnest but insufficient actor in the name-part. Mr. Robert Hilton may become an admirable artist some day; at present he is unable to take anything like full advantage of the splendid opportunity which he has generously given to himself. Only a player of great natural gifts in the maturity of his powers can do justice to such a heavy, stagey character, and Mr. Hilton was obviously a young man trying to present an old one, and in his careful, conscientious performance showed much uncertainty and indecision. What a pity to see a new actor-manager beginning his London career by producing at great expense a lifeless old play of no intrinsic value, and casting himself for a part which no independent manager would have ventured to give to him. With the money spent, he could have given two or three new modern works, in which he might have found humanly drawn parts of some importance within his range, and then he would have found himself with the support and good wishes of everyone. He has not committed the folly of engaging a number of "stars" that would put him into the shade, but the result is rather hard upon the play. Mr. J. H. Barnes acted very well as Joseph—why not let him have a turn at playing the Cardinal? I am sure he would do it excellently. Miss Marie Polini played agreeably as Julie.

A Pierrot Play.

"The Dream Flower," Miss Aimée Lowther's work, with which the programme at the Strand began, is rather pretty in idea and neatly handled. Mr. Burnham has written some excellent music for it, which was well handled by an excellent orchestra. Indeed, the music was the best feature of the evening. It is a blessing to have a good orchestra playing in the open, for the difficulty of hearing piano passages played by a boxed-in band causes some irritation. Miss Mabilia Daniell showed some skill in miming as the Pierrot of this novel version of the Pygmalion legend; and Miss Valerie Wingate represented the sculptress rather cleverly; but surely lady sculptors do not work in silk dresses with a train protected by an artist's blouse.



A FEBRUARY CULTIVATOR OF THE OPERA IN COVENT GARDEN:
MR. THOMAS BEECHAM.

As the writer of "Keynotes" says on another page, "a new gardener, Thomas Beecham by name, has arisen at Covent Garden," where he will endeavour to cultivate in mid-February those operatic flowers which usually bloom only in the summer. His season, which begins on Saturday, and includes so many novelties, is described as "one of the most daring and interesting experiments" in the history of Covent Garden.—[Photograph by Histed.]

TRICKS NOT OF THE TRADE: "MAQUILLAGE" IN FRANCE.
PERSONATION AMONG RACEHORSES: A CASE THAT ACTUALLY OCCURRED.



1. THE HORSE TO BE PERSONATED: THE REAL A—.
2. THE COUNTERFEIT A—: WASHING OFF THE FACE-MARKS.
3. THE TELL-TALE SPOT: B—, WHO PERSONATED A—, WITH THE WHITE SPOT CHANGED IN SHAPE AFTER WASHING.
4. A DOPING APPARATUS.

5. A TELEGRAM MAKING A BET.
6. A—, THE THIRD-RATE HORSE PERSONATED BY B—, WHOSE SIRE WAS A DERBY WINNER.
7. ON THE WAY TO SECRET EXERCISE ON THE COURSE: B— AND HIS PROPRIETORS.
8. A—'S DOUBLE, B—, WHO WAS MADE TO PERSONATE HIM.

One of the tricks of the Turf (we trust not an English one) is to enter an inferior horse for a race, back him at long odds, and in the race substitute a much faster horse disguised to resemble him closely in appearance. A disguise of that kind is sometimes effected by a process known as "maquillage," or face-painting, such as was employed in a case which occurred in France. A certain horse whom we will call "A—" On his arrival in France, the proprietors of B— attempted first to exercise him in a public park, but a keeper put a stop to it owing to the excessive speed of the horse. The conspirators then gained admission to the course by means of false keys to certain gates. The disguise was, however, eventually discovered by the vigilance of the keepers of the course. After the race (which, by the way, B— did not win) a police officer arrived, and on B—'s face being washed, the painted marks came off.—[Photographs by General Illustrations Agency.]

SMALL TALK

WHEN Mrs. Asquith journeyed to Scotland last week to christen Australia's first-born torpedo-boat she was entertained by Sir John Stirling-Maxwell at Pollok House, Pollokshaws, and though she missed greeting the Prime Minister on his return from the Continent, she felt bound to fulfil this semi-public engagement. Pollokshaws was, of course, still murmurous from roof to cellar with the news of another sort of engagement—that of Sir John's brother and heir, Captain Archibald Stirling. It is only in a Scottish household—where aged ladies seem to be established to look after the linen-closet and to discuss family affairs far dearer than their own for all time—that you get the full

stated his intentions, shown herself the mistress of the situation; and from the first she advised her brother not to bring his action. As the most enterprising and entertaining, as well as the most beautiful, of the family, Lady Sackville was her father's best friend and constant companion, with all his diplomatic talent and none of his devastating habit of reticence. On one historic occasion, and only one, that habit completely deserted him, and he was recalled from Washington. At such a time Lady Sackville's wit and courage were his great stand-by; and her marriage with her cousin, which made her the future mistress of Knole, was one of the great consolations of an old age that was



A POSSIBLE FUTURE PEERESS: MISS JOAN DICKSON-POYNDER.

It is generally believed that Sir John Dickson-Poynder will be given a peerage. If so it will undoubtedly be put in the remainder to descend to his only child, Miss Joan Dickson-Poynder. She will probably prove the luck of her thirteenth year by having "Hon." tacked on to her name.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.

value of a plighting. Captain Stirling, whose ancestor distinguished himself at Chevy Chase, has won the hand of a lady of equally distinguished family, Lord Lovat's sister, Miss Margaret Fraser. It is a mixed marriage, the bride belonging to a family famous for its devotion to the ancient faith; but mixed marriages among such families have always been popular.

Nimble Ninety. Dr. Furnivall's thirteen miles' row recalls the exploits of the octogenarian Earl of Kilmorey, whose peculiar hobby was to display his ancient biceps and broad shoulders as he raced along the suburban reaches of the Thames. He kept seven men and a boat in readiness, and when a vigorous longing for exercise assailed him he would himself complete his river "eight," at an age when most



DESCENDED FROM ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD: MISS JOAN COLLINGWOOD-DENNY.

Miss Joan Collingwood-Denny is the great-great-granddaughter of Admiral Collingwood, after whom a new "Dreadnought" is to be called. Lord Collingwood was the second in command at Trafalgar, and was descended from Joan "The Fair Maid of Kent," widow of Edward the Black Prince.

Photograph by C. Chater.



AN AMATEUR ACTRESS: MISS FELICIA GRAHAME STEWART.

Miss Felicia Grahame Stewart was one of the talented amateurs of Society who recently took part in "St. Ursula's Pilgrimage," at the Court Theatre.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.

men would occupy a coffin rather than a skiff. This robust gentleman, who was born in 1787, attained the age of ninety-three, and was succeeded by his grandson, the present Peer, the joint lives of the two holders of the title thus reaching the grand total of 123, a record that we hope may be indefinitely improved. Lord Kilmorey has, by the way, recently arrived at his town-house in Alford Street.

The Sackvilles. The events of last week brought Lord and Lady Sackville to London, and (having let their house in Hill Street to Mrs. J. J. Astor) they put up in Connaught Place. Lady Sackville—the "Victoria" of the Law Courts—has, since the claimant first



A FUTURE COUNTESS: LADY BEATRICE HERBERT.

The Marquess of Anglesey's two sisters are married to heirs to Earldoms. Lady Beatrice, the younger, is the wife of Lord Herbert, M.V.O., who is receiving many congratulations for his recuperative powers after an operation for appendicitis. He is the elder of the two sons of the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, and a popular Captain in the Royal Horse Guards.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

otherwise one not free from great perplexities.

Against Claimants. Whether as a man who has diplomatic friends in every capital in Europe, or as the President of the British section of the International Parliamentary Union, Lord Weardale is regarded as an expert on "international relations." Was this why he was asked to define in the witness-box the domestic arrangements of an English friend and of Pepita of Spain? There are many men with as much to tell as Lord Weardale, whose evidence was only a remarkably well-expressed admission of Lord Sackville's absolute reserve. Lord Weardale, who is a cousin of Lord Rosebery, has lately marked his disinclination to allow women the vote, so that he may be said to be no friend to the cause of claimants.

Legitimacies. The hard case of the son who cannot inherit because of deliberate irregularity on the part of his parents is not so hard as the case of the son who is deprived of titles and estates through an absolutely unwitting irregularity. The present Lord de Freyne is an instance of a fourth son who succeeded to a peerage over the heads of three elder brothers. His father was married in 1851 to Miss Catherine Maree by a Catholic priest, and only after three sons had been born was it discovered that the ceremony did not hold good. In some haste they remarried, and their fourth son, as the first born in lawful wedlock, was adjudged to be the rightful heir.



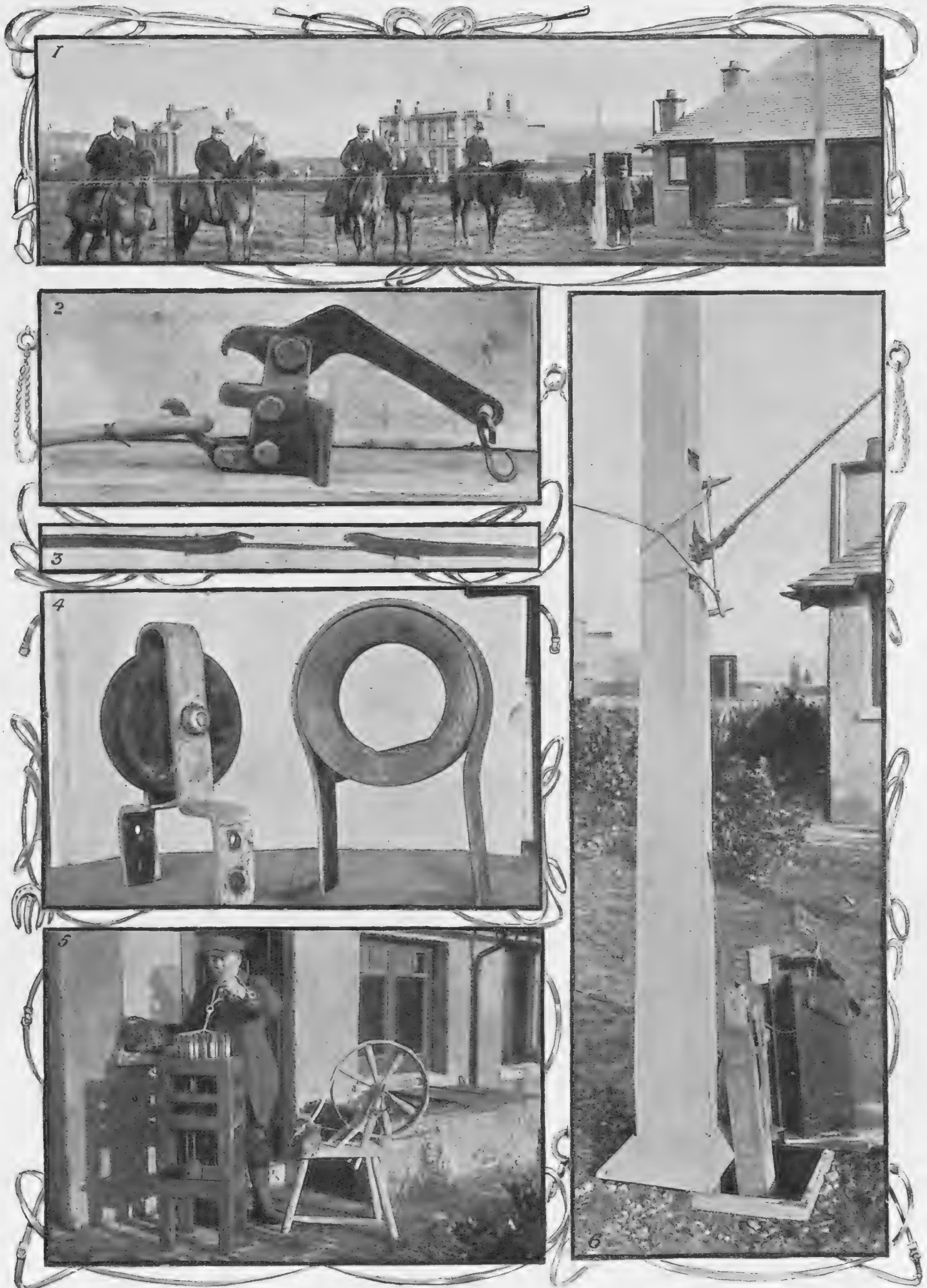
ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT AND COMMANDER ERIC Q. CARTER, R.N.: MISS GLADYS PICOT.

Miss Gladys Violet Picot is the only daughter of Major F. D. Picot, late of the Wiltshire Regiment, and Mrs. Picot. Mr. Carter commands H.M.S. "Zephyr," and is a son of the late Deputy-Surgeon-General, R. W. Carter.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

NO MORE WAITING AT THE GATE.

"SWIFT, SIMPLE, SILENT, AND SAFE": AN IDEAL STARTING-GATE, INVENTED BY MR. CHARLES CHAPMAN.



1. RACEHORSES LINED UP FOR A START IN FRONT OF THE NEW GATE.
2. MR. CHAPMAN'S PATENT RELEASING APPARATUS, WHICH LETS GO THE GATE WITH A PRESSURE OF ONLY 1 LB.
3. ONE OF THE COPPER STAPLES, WHICH ARE WOVEN AT INTERVALS IN THE CORDS OF THE BARRIER, SO THAT IN THE EVENT OF A HORSE BOLTING THEY GIVE WAY UNDER PRESSURE, PREVENTING INJURY TO HORSE OR RIDER, AND CAN BE REPAIRED IN A MINUTE.

4. IN THE PRESENT GATES AN IRON PULLEY HAS GENERALLY BEEN USED. MR. CHAPMAN HAS SUPERSEDED THIS WITH A WOODEN RING MADE OF LIGNUM VITÆ IN WHICH A STEEL BEARING RUNS. IT IS QUITE NOISELESS.
5. MR. CHAPMAN OUTSIDE HIS BUNGALOW AT SOUTHWICK, PLAITING THE WEB THAT COVERS THE RUBBER OF WHICH THE GATE IS MADE.
6. A POST OF THE GATE, SHOWING THE RELEASE ACTION. THE CORD IS ATTACHED, THROUGH THIMBLES, TO A LOOP OF ELASTIC CORD, STRETCHED ON TO TWO SHORT IRON PINS ON THE POST.

Our photographs show a new starting-gate which has been invented by Mr. Charles Chapman, of Southwick, Sussex. It has already been tried successfully at Ogbourne, and a sporting daily paper has described it as "swift, simple, silent, and safe." The barrier consists of a single or two covered cords, specially woven by a patent bobbin, and in which at intervals are woven copper staples, so that in the event of a horse bolting they give way under pressure, to prevent injury to horse or jockey, and can be repaired in a minute. In photograph No. 6, the box shown at the base of the post contains the electrical release mechanism.

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE'S charming heiress, Miss Margaretta Drexel, is the first-cousin of Miss Anita Stewart, who was raised to the rank of a princess in her own right at the time of her marriage to Prince Miguel of Braganza. Miss Drexel's mother, Mrs. Anthony Drexel, has, American woman-wise, conquered Grosvenor Square without the help of her husband—incurably busy with banks and philanthropy in Philadelphia. Now and then he crosses the Atlantic, perhaps to compliment her new chef, perhaps to be introduced to a prospective son-in-law, but always with the smile of

an approver of the palace his wife has built, and of the social glories among which she moves, but which he has himself no ambition to share.

Her Viscount. Miss Drexel's Viscount will, in the ordinary course of succession, be the fourteenth Earl of Winchilsea, with a seat at Harlech, in North Wales, a very pretty talent, for so young a man, in golf, and a great deal of the Englishman about his person, his tailoring, his speech, and his manner. He is, in fact, very much the young man that a discerning friend,



A SOCIETY PROFESSIONAL SINGER: MRS. STUART GORDON ANDERSON.

Lord and Lady Hothfield's only daughter has always shown a great love for musical and dramatic art. Since her marriage to Mr. Stuart Gordon Anderson, youngest son of the late Colonel James Anderson, she has studied in Paris, and last season made her appearance as a professional singer.

Photograph by Rousselle.

with a turn for prophecy, might have pictured to Miss Drexel as a likely spouse to be yielded in London to anyone who has the pick. Harlech, in North Wales, is, of course, as inconvenient as it is picturesque, and Miss Drexel's practical eye already roves to a possible country-house nearer town. Eastwell Park, in Kent, was once a Winchilsea property. What if the next Lady Winchilsea were instrumental in retrieving it for the family of her adoption, despite the immense fortune spent upon it by the late Lord Gerard?



AN AMATEUR ACTRESS OF DISTINCTION: MRS. HAROLD WHITAKER.

Mrs. Whitaker has been taking part in theatricals organised by Mrs. Willie James, at Brighton and other South Coast towns, in aid of the Chichester Infirmary. In the Corn Exchange at Chichester the company gave "The Marriage of Kitty."

Photograph by Thomson.

the occasion of a great deal of name-inscription in the callers'-books at the Palace. The crowd will be great, but not so great as it was wont to be in the days of the Georges, when, at one such function, so many wives of foreign Ministers fainted that—said one of them—"our ranks were thinned." His present Majesty's State dinners mark, at any rate, an incomparable advance on the royal dinner at which "the only person who

enjoyed himself was the Duke of Somerset, who went to sleep behind a pillar." The rule by which the subject stands at attention during interviews with his seated Sovereign has been greatly relaxed by Edward VII., so that Mr. Asquith escapes the fatigues which were Mr. Gladstone's on various occasions under Victoria. What a stern "rule" that was Sir William Broadbent, amongst others, has told us. When that famous physician went to tell Queen Victoria of the illness of the Duke of Clarence, she sat at a desk, while he stood. He was there an hour and a half, and was then sent to Princess Christian to repeat his story. "I could hardly crawl upstairs," remarks the Doctor.



LORD LANSDOWNE'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, WHO HAS JUST GIVEN BIRTH TO A DAUGHTER: LADY CHARLES FITZMAURICE.

Lady Charles Fitzmaurice, who has just given birth to a daughter at Lansdowne House, is a daughter of Lord Minto, and was married to Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, second son of Lord Lansdowne, in January last year.—[Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd.]



ENGAGED TO MISS MARGARETTA DREXEL: VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE.

Lord Maldstone, who is engaged to the beautiful daughter of Mr. Anthony Drexel, the banker, of Philadelphia, is the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham. He was born in 1885, and was educated at Eton and Magdalen, Oxford. He is a lieutenant in the Royal East Kent Yeomanry.—[Photograph by Gillman.]



THE FUTURE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON, WHO HAS JUST GIVEN BIRTH TO A DAUGHTER: LADY DOURO.

The Marchioness of Douro, who was formerly Miss Lillian Glen Coats, was married to the Duke of Wellington's eldest son and heir, Lord Douro, in March last.

Photograph by La'ie Charles.

Out of Stratford Place (unless your Street. dentist

lives there, as mine does) must be regarded as one of the pleasantest cul-de-sacs in London. Lord Derby has done wonders with the house he lately took over from Lord Colebrooke. Its great wings now fill the entire far end of the road, its innumerable windows catching the glint of Oxford Street's traffic only one hundred and fifty yards away; while, behind, a ball-room has been added. This room will soon be thronged, for Lady Derby, like Lady Dudley, is on the point of bringing out a daughter—a new experience for each of them. Another house in Stratford Place that is to throb with feet and music before the year is much older is Mrs. Arthur Somerset's.

Regretted by a multitude of friends, Mrs. Annan Bryce has been absent in the States, whither she went some months ago on a visit to her brother-in-law, the English Ambassador at Washington, longer than was expected. The General Election made the difference. Her husband is a Liberal, but an Anti-Suffragist; had she returned to England she knew that her wifely allegiance would have forced her to help him in his candidature at Inverness; and so she stayed at a safe distance, where she could neither help nor hurt his chances. Nevertheless, Mrs. Annan Bryce the wife had her little triumphs over Mrs. Annan Bryce the Suffragist: "I must confess I hope this is to say he is in," she said, as she opened a cablegram handed to her at a certain charming luncheon in New York. And then her smile betokened a majority!



AN ENTHUSIASTIC CARAVANER: LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR.

A gipsy pseudonym, it is said, sometimes covers the identity of the Duke of Westminster's uncle's wife. Lady Arthur Grosvenor likes an unconventional holiday, and seeks it in caravanning, with all the proper accessories. She is also a notable horsewoman. At present her husband is heir-presumptive to the Duke of Westminster.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



AN ARTISTE OF THE ARISTOCRACY: LADY MAUD WARRENDER.

Lady Maud Warrender, a sister of the Earl of Shaftesbury, possesses a beautiful contralto voice, which is used generously to sing money into the coffers of various charities. Lady Maud's husband is Rear-Admiral Sir George Warrender, Commander-in-Chief on the East Indies Station. Queen Victoria was godmother to her elder boy.—[Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.]

"A SENSIBLE MAN . . . AND PRESENTLY A BEAST."

—OTHELLO.



THE FACE AT THE WINDOW: MR. H. B. IRVING'S TERRIFYING MAKE-UP AS MR. HYDE, THE MAN-BEAST.

In "Jekyll and Hyde," at the Queen's Theatre, Mr. H. B. Irving makes his changes from the intellectual Dr. Jekyll to the repulsive man-beast, Mr. Hyde, the epitome of all evil, within a few seconds. His acting is even more wonderful, for with the change of character he effects a total change of voice. His extraordinary performance is drawing all London to the Queen's Theatre to spend "an agreeably horrible evening," as it has been aptly described. This picture shows Mr. Irving at the moment when, as Hyde, he looks into the window just before he comes in to murder Sir Danvers Carew.

GROWLS

By COSMO HAMILTON.

Twenty-four Hours Too Short. I am going to utter a piercing growl at a thing which has for the last five years put me to infinite inconvenience and caused me to be very snappy at breakfast. It is the twenty-four hours day. To me it is wholly inadequate. I cannot do with it. I need another twelve hours. In order to remain healthy and be capable of work,



A CHIC CHOQUE. Mlle. THÉRÈSE CHOQUE, THE NEW PARISIAN QUEEN OF QUEENS.

The election of the Carnival Queen of Queens took place in Paris last Sunday night, under the presidency of the chairman of the Municipal Council. Of ten candidates, all pretty workgirls, Mlle. Thérèse Choque was elected with a majority of three. The retiring Queen then made a collection for the flood victims, being escorted round the hall by Mr. Charles Fish, coxswain of the Ramsgate life-boat, who had been presented with a gold medal at the Sorbonne earlier in the day.

Photograph by Braunstein.

to the output of plays, books, or epoch-making journalism, as the case may be, and the insistent luncheon-gong calls to further mastication. Wet or fine, there is the bicycle waiting to pedal one to the golf-course, upon which one does doughty deeds; and on bad days fills one's pocket with stones, and the cart too for the heavier oaths; and at four-thirty the return, and a change of clothes. The clock strikes five, if it strikes, and, if not, it is still five—and the billiard-table demands attention. Three hundred up cannot be played, unless one is a Roberts, under an hour and a half. At six-thirty more work, until a quarter past seven, when there comes another change—the conventional wash and dinner. It is then close upon nine. More work until the small hours, and bed. Where, then, is the bright domestic conversation? Where the study of the masterpieces of other geniuses, past, present, and to come? Where the hour which should be devoted to quiet meditation, sometimes called slacking? Where the not unamusing hour that might easily be given up to answering letters from spinsters and others who write amusing anonymous epistles in praise or blame? Echo answers, where?

A 36-Hours Day Demanded. It therefore comes to this. Twenty-four hours, to the man doomed to the disease which was descriptively called by some ancient philosopher the *cacoethes scribendi*, are all too confoundedly short, be he a normal creature with a penchant for short hair, clean collars, and the Royal and Ancient. I have growled, I am growling, and I shall continue to growl at the person—I should say a London County Councillor—who laid it down that the day should be limited to twenty-four hours. I hereby move for a reconstruction. I beg respectfully to put forward an urgent plea for an extra twelve hours. It could easily be done, and it would enable me to have another hour's sleep, another hour's golf, and to sign goodness knows how many more contracts for plays and books. Oh, I know very well that

this reconstruction would cause those peculiarly selfish people called publishers, who think that they alone should make money, many moments of uneasiness, and would give them what they take to be good reasons for writing extremely cantankerous letters typed in blue ink on large sheets of paper. But how greatly would the British Public benefit, and how much more profit would the libraries make, and how many more Colonels should I purchase with an airy disregard of the exchequer! Think, also, what these extra twelve hours would mean to those theatrical managers who seem to find it so difficult to find plays which run longer than five nights, or else which run for five months to a dead loss. This extra twelve hours would mean a play, for any fool can write a play in twelve hours, though it sometimes takes twelve years to get them produced. Mr. Maugham, like the famous Spanish playwright, is popularly supposed to write two plays a day, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, according to rumour, turns out an act an hour. It is necessary that the produced playwrights should perform these feats in order to feed all the almost unnecessary theatres which have sprung up during the last few years, and which are eating each other's heads off and driving the British Public to skating-rinks and cinematograph shows. You see, there are, roughly speaking, twelve produced playwrights at this moment; although there are four million eight hundred and fifty-five thousand nine hundred and sixty-three unproduced playwrights hard at work, all turning out infinitely better plays than the lucky twelve. And as the plays of the lucky twelve are now running five nights only, and there are something like twenty London theatres endeavouring to keep open all the year round, it is pretty

obvious that the lucky twelve are obliged to keep their noses to the grindstone pretty tightly. To them, therefore, as to me, who am—if I may say so—one of the lucky twelve, what, I ask you, is the use of a mere twenty-four hours day? On their behalf and on my own I growlingly urge the authorities to give us an extra twelve hours; and I do not do so for selfish reasons, for the sake of accumulating additional pelf, but wholly and absolutely for the sake of the panicky theatrical managers, the eager British Public, and the expectant posterity. Who will see to this? I have shown, by a careful system of logic, that my reasons for making this demand are good.

I do not wish to have to mention this matter again. I understand, from a brief daily survey of the Press, that what is politely called a Cabinet is undergoing a difficult process of formation. Let that man who is to be appointed Home Secretary take this matter up at once. I have some influence among the Suffragettes. Need I say more? It is a fearful threat.



THE OLD MOORE OF FRANCE. MADAME DE THEBES, PALMIST AND PROPHETESS.

Madame de Thèbes is no ordinary clairvoyante, for she has been a personal friend of men like Alexandre Dumas and Ernest Daudet, whilst it is even rumoured that Presidents and Kings have paid her a visit when in Paris. Amongst her most famous predictions which afterwards came true were the Boer War, the great Charity Bazaar fire in Paris, the Servian massacre, and, in a more peaceful vein, the discovery of radium.

Photograph by Hartingue.

ALMOST LANDED.



JONES (*land agent*): Perhaps we can close that deal now for that little plot of land. What'll you offer an acre?
BROWN (*who is having a very bad time*): Deliver it here now, and I'll pay you a thousand pounds an acre.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.

KEYNOTES

MR. BEECHAM'S SEASON.

ON Saturday night next Covent Garden will open its doors for the first performance associated with one of the most daring and interesting experiments in its history. Hitherto Grand Opera has been a very delicate growth in this country. Tended by gardeners as skilled as any who send their wares to the markets that stretch to the walls of the historic house in Bow Street, supported by all the available talent of the old world and the new, collected regardless of expense, nourished by the heavy subscriptions of faithful and conservative fashion, it has budded and blossomed and borne a little fruit in the most favourable season of the year. Autumn has hitherto proved too harsh a season for a plant that can only grow wild and thrive luxuriantly under Italian skies—the London winter has proved fatal to it down to the present. But a new gardener, Thomas Beecham by name, has arisen; he has brought fresh and modern growths of undoubted strength and varying beauty to Covent Garden; and in mid-February, when climatic and social conditions are the most unfavourable of the year, he is challenging the verdict, founded upon long experience, of men whose labours, so often unremunerated, have taught them that May, June, and July are the only months in which the sensitive plant will thrive. If the experiment should prove a failure it would remain a very honourable one, but we hear that a certain measure of success is assured already. Truly the times are changing in musical England, even though the fashions remain stationary.

Of works that are novelties as far as Covent Garden is concerned we are to hear four. "Elektra," the latest and most modern utterance of Richard Strauss, takes the first place in the public interest. Already it has been greeted with mingled enthusiasm, amazement, and derision on the Continent and in America. The opera combines the most difficult score ever put before an orchestra with vocal parts from which some self-respecting singers of high repute have already turned sorrowfully away, conscious of the fact that they have but one set of vocal organs and cannot replace them when worn out. Frederic Delius, composer of so much remarkable work, including "A Mass of Life," produced in London last year for the first time, presents another novelty, "A Village Romeo and Juliet," a work already popular on the Continent, and said to combine simplicity with beauty. Claude Debussy, whose "Pelléas et Mélisande" was one of the glories of last year's grand season, and is to be repeated in the summer, presents his "L'Enfant Prodigue," which is quite unknown in this country; and Miss Ethel Smyth's fine opera, "The Wreckers," is to be given at last in our national opera-house. Part of the music is already familiar to concert-goers.

The other works selected consist of Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel," the evergreen "Carmen," and Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe." Out of eight operas set down for reproduction four may be regarded as novelties, and novelties of the kind that have not been held hitherto to contain the elements of popularity, as far as a British opera-house audience is concerned. But we know that the advanced booking for the forthcoming season has been so heavy that the season is to be

extended beyond the period of three weeks proposed at first, and that Mr. Beecham has cancelled an important American engagement to take at the flood the tide in the affairs of impresarios that leads on to fortune. Even now the fortune is more likely to take the form of credit than of cash, for the cost of the season will be very heavy. Each performance of "Elektra" is said to involve an expenditure of £1200, and though on these occasions prices will be raised, the cost of seats at other times will be no more than that which obtains at the average West-End theatre, where a successful play may run for one hundred nights, for a year, or, if the author be Mr. J. M. Barrie, for ever.

Mr. Beecham is bringing his own fine orchestra to Covent Garden, where it should hold its own, and he will share the baton with Herr Richard Strauss, Herr Bruno Walter (who will conduct performances of "The Wreckers"), and Mr. Percy Pitt. The company of artists engaged, including such singers as Mme. Edyth Walker and Frau von Mildenburg, is the more remarkable because at this season it is not easy to find capable artists disengaged. Opera is in full swing all over the civilised world, to say nothing of other parts, like certain South American Republics, in which there is little civilisation outside the opera-house.

There has not been a season in the memory of the oldest

habitué of our Opera-House in which the element of novelty was so predominant, and, doubtless encouraged by the initial response to his venture, Mr. Beecham has already entered into arrangements for an autumn season, in which we may be sure that the early Verdi and Signori Donizetti, Bellini, and Meyerbeer will play no part, though their astral bodies may be wandering about the house wondering at the strange sounds that have succeeded their too well-remembered strains. One swallow does not make a summer, and it does not follow that the public interest will be maintained; but if it should be, we may

look for some startling developments in the operatic history of our time, and much frenzied protest from the old brigade, whose ears are not attuned to modern developments, who are too old to be trained, too obstinate to be converted.



BALALAIKAS FOR A BATTLE-SHIP'S BAND: SAILORS OF THE RUSSIAN WAR-SHIP "SLAVA" PLAYING THE NATIONAL INSTRUMENT.

The Balalaika Orchestra that recently drew so many people to the Coliseum has an amateur rival on the Russian flag-ship "Slava." The sailors kneeling on the left are playing domras. The balalaika is of a triangular shape and is made in five sizes, which correspond to the double bass, the 'cello, the viola, the violin, and the piccolo.

Photograph by Cribb.

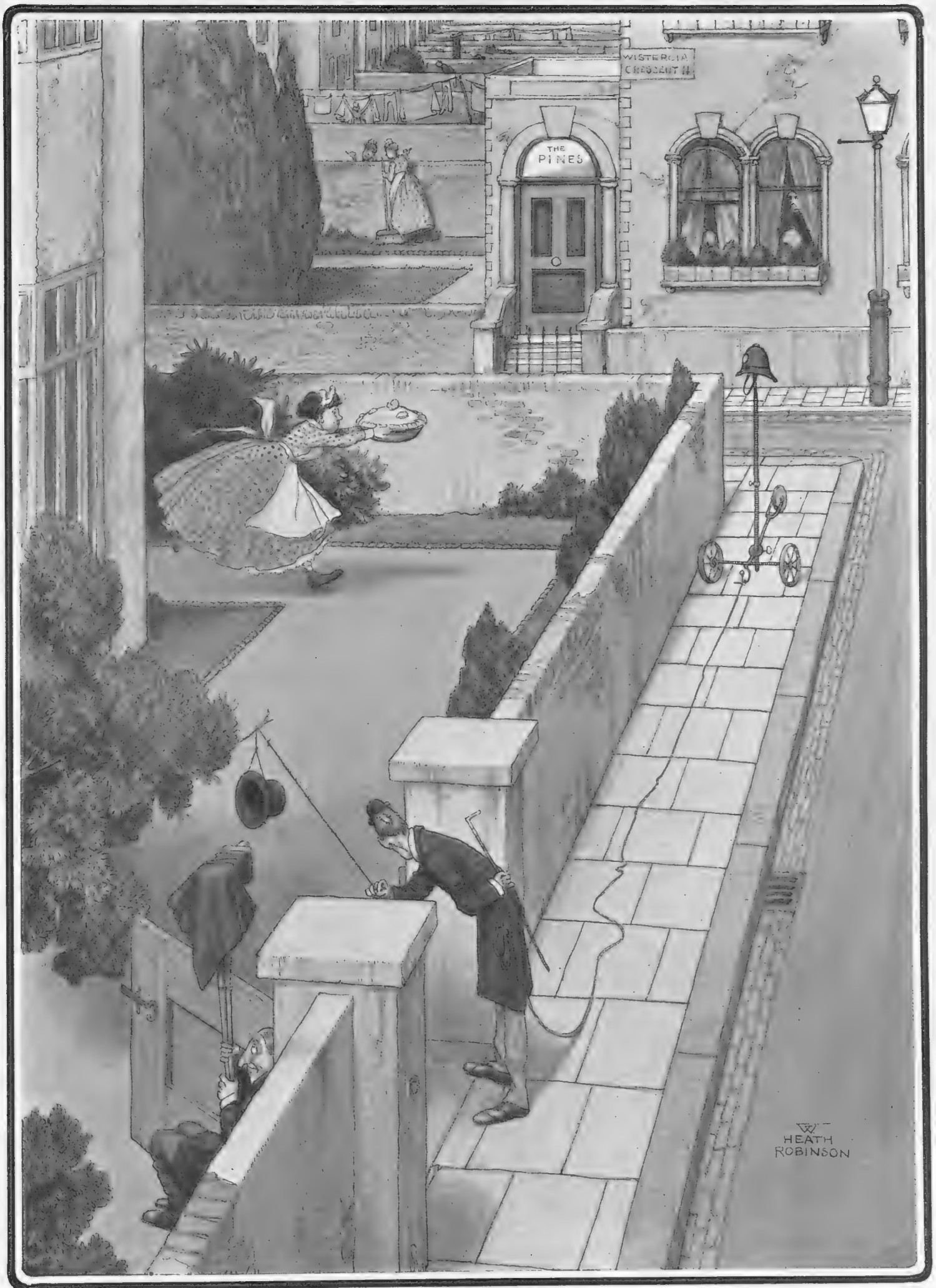


NAUTCHY BOYS! STICK-DANCING BY NAUTCH DANCERS IN CEYLON.

A nautch has none of the quick movement usually associated with dancing. It consists rather of a rhythmical swaying of the body. In the Cingalese stick-dancing, as here illustrated, the leader stands beating a small pair of castanets, and the other performers squat round him beating sticks and drums.—[Photograph by L. N. A.]

COMMON CHORD.

❁ 'Tec Tactics. ❁



I.—MR. HERRING TRACKLER DETECTING CORRUPTION IN A SUBURBAN HOUSEHOLD.

"Sketch" readers will be surprised to learn that on the staff of the paper is employed a celebrated detective, who is known to all the police forces throughout the world. It may be asked why a paper with the character of "The Sketch" should have found it necessary to enter into competition with Scotland Yard. The well-known efforts of the editor to maintain the purity of public morals should afford an ample answer to this question. To ensure our readers being kept informed as to the results achieved by "The Sketch's" private detective, Mr. Herring Trackler, the editor has commissioned a Special Artist to accompany Mr. Trackler upon his quest, and to record with his pencil the extraordinary achievements of that subtle man. Our readers will notice that Mr. Herring Trackler uses none of the well-worn devices of the detectives with whom the modern novel has made us so familiar. In the illustration of one of Mr. Herring Trackler's most successful adventures which we give above, our Special Artist may be seen holding the camera. We may state here that our Special Artist does not intend the representation of himself as a portrait.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A NOVEL OF IRELAND AND THE TURF.*

THERE is a certain parallel between Mr. Stacpoole's latest novel, "Garryowen," which he calls "The Romance of a Race-Horse," and the Drury Lane drama "The Whip." In both cases the plot turns on the winning of a big race by a certain horse, on whose success depend the fortunes of some of the leading characters. In the play, however, the horse takes a more conspicuous part than in the novel, for though the plot of Mr. Stacpoole's delightful story centres as much on the chances of Garryowen in the City and Suburban as that of "The Whip" does on the success of The Whip in the Two Thousand Guineas, yet the steed himself

horseflesh was as extensive and peculiar as was Sam's knowledge of London. He was likewise a particular adept in dealing with bailiffs, of the legal variety, whereof he had considerable experience.

The villain of the story is Mr. Given, an amorous and petty-spirited bachelor of uncertain age, who is French's cousin, and who has a habit of making love to anything in petticoats within a range of fifteen miles. The heroine is a pretty American girl, whom French engages—through advertisement—as governess to his daughter, under the impression that she is a lady of mature years and homely countenance, addicted to spectacles. French had



NO MORE OF THE BLUES: THE NEW FRENCH HUNDRED-FRANC NOTE—OBSERVE AND REVERSE.

On Jan. 5 the Bank of France issued a new series of hundred-franc notes which are remarkable for their high artistic quality. The designs are by the well-known French painter, M. Luc-Olivier Merson, and they were engraved by M. Romagnol. Instead of the uniform blue of the old bills, the new notes are printed in several colours.

makes only a few and brief appearances in the narrative. This is our first introduction to him, in company with his owner, Mr. French, a big, genial, easy-going, happy-go-lucky, impecunious Irishman.

"Mr. French had come out of the house without his hat. He had a cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets. He gave some directions to Andy [his jockey], to be handed on to Moriarty [his trainer and factotum] when that personage arrived, and then with his own hands opened the door of a loose-box. A lovely head was thrust out. It was Garryowen's. The eyes so full of kindness and fire, the mobile nostrils telling of delicate sensibilities and fine feeling, the nobility and intelligence that spoke in every line of that delicately cut head; these had to be seen to be understood. Garryowen was more than a horse to Mr. French. He was a friend, and more even than that. Garryowen was to pull the family fortunes out of the mire, to raise the family name, to crown his master with laurels."

Of course Mr. French had enemies—he being an Irish landlord, that goes without saying—and of course they tried to harm the colt to spite his master. But French had powerful allies in his faithful retainers, Andy Meehan and Moriarty, especially in Moriarty. Moriarty, "a long, squint-eyed, foxy-looking man—half groom, half gamekeeper," is a character, a distinct acquisition to the society of humorous people in fiction, a personage worthy to associate with Mr. Sam Weller, in whom he would have found a kindred spirit, in spite of racial and dialectic differences. Moriarty's knowledge of

intended to select such an one owing to Given's erotic propensities, and, naturally, with the arrival of unexpected youth and beauty, trouble ensues. Given, having insulted the fair governess, is kicked out, and becomes French's bitter enemy. Other lovers, of course, there are, in the persons of French himself and a young Englishman who assists him in baffling the efforts of his foes to tamper with Garryowen, and prevent him from running. What is the outcome of the tale, whether in the lists of love or on the course at Epsom, it would be unfair to the author to reveal. Suffice it to say that he has given us a vastly entertaining story.

Amusing and apposite at the present time are Moriarty's reflections on Socialism, in conversation with a Socialistic bailiff, who explains that, under Socialism, every man would be equally ungreedy and equally well disposed to his neighbour "And where are you going to get them men?" asked the tireless Moriarty. "And, see here, they're not going to be all men, unless you smother the women. And . . . comin' to the question of bunnets, d'you think one woman is going to be content wid as good a bunnet as her next-door neighbour and the same price? D'you think Mrs. Moriarty won't be sayin' to her husband, 'Mick, you blackguard, why don't you stir your stumps and make more money to buy me a hat and feather that'll squash Mrs. Mooney's?'"

Incidentally the book contains some excellent

pen-pictures of Irish coast scenery, and likewise, as frontispiece, an excellent sun-picture of Mr. Stacpoole, with his Aberdeen terrier, Whisky, whom his master calls "a thorough sportsman and a faithful friend." And so say all of us.

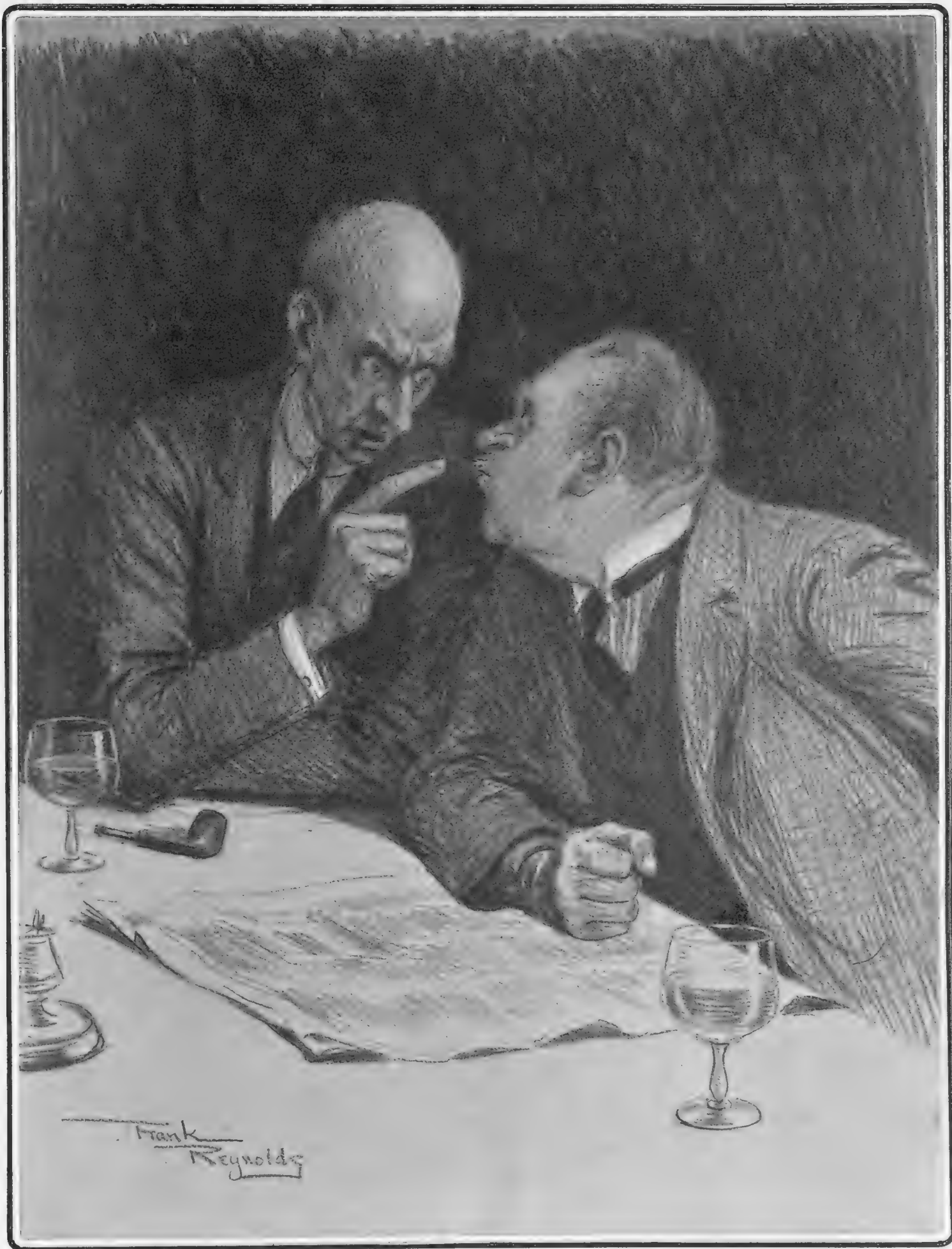


THE ARTIST WHO DESIGNED THE NEW FRENCH 100-FRANC NOTES: M. LUC-OLIVIER MERSON. M. Luc-Olivier Merson was born at Paris in 1846. He is the author of "Music and Poetry," which forms the decoration of the left staircase of the Opéra Comique, also of a staircase decoration at the Hotel de Ville, and numerous decorations in churches. His illustrations of "Notre Dame de Paris" are considered masterpieces. He is a member of the Institute and a Professor at the School of Fine Arts.

* Garryowen: the Romance of a Racehorse. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

WHAT CAN THEY BE TALKING ABOUT?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



POLITE CONVERSATION OF THE PRESENT DAY.

"DEAR SIR,—I have drawn a scene that has of late been only too frequent—needless to say, to my great annoyance. Reasonable conversation is no longer possible, for on every side all one can hear is a refrain which contains a plentiful sprinkling of phrases and remarks such as these: 'I can assure you.'—'My dear Sir, you are quite wrong.'—'Really, any fool knows'—'Even the intellect of a new-born babe could grasp'—'What is the use of arguing with a wooden-headed?' etc. etc. . . . 'House of Lords' . . . 'Veto' . . . 'Lloyd-George' . . . 'Dump'—the rest being lost in a roar of sounds resembling a mixture of two dogs fighting and Strauss' music for 'Electra.'
 (Signed) "YOUR SPECIAL ARTIST."



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A KNIGHT ERRANT.

By FRED M. WHITE.

THE Star of Comedy nestled a little closer in her sables and remarked that it was very interesting. She really was a Star of Comedy, therefore she found no necessity to employ the services of a Press agent, and consequently her career had been devoid of those thrilling adventures which we associate with certain types of actress the whole world over.

"I never was robbed of my diamonds," she said, "and I've never been in a motor smash or anything of that sort. And as I left most of my jewels behind me on this trip, I confess I should rather like to see the train held up. I guess it would be fun."

"I don't think so," the little man in the opposite corner said. "It doesn't always work out according to the notices in the newspapers. There have been times when Langham has given the passengers a taste of that humorous quality of his. He's not a pleasant man when he's disappointed, and I understand just now that the safes in the express wagon are by no means crowded. I don't suppose you'd like to walk six or seven miles in the snow—Langham made a whole trainful do that this time last year."

The Star of Comedy admitted, on the whole, that the prospect was not a pleasant one. The train was speeding along through the Rockies, and every crag and pinnacle on either side was piled high with snow. The dark belts of pines were bending to the breeze, and even in the artificially lighted car a nipping breath of air crept in occasionally.

"What's this Langham like?" the actress asked. "Is he a big man with a mask? Does he wear a sombrero and a long moustache?"

"You never met him, I suppose?" the little man in the corner asked. "You wouldn't know him by sight?"

"Oh, no. You see, that class of hero is rather out of my line. But I rendered him a service once; it was quite by accident, and I suppose I ought not to have done it. But I acted on the spur of the moment, as people in my profession are too fond of doing. I rather fancy that I saved the train robber from serious trouble."

"Then you would know him?" the little man said.

"No, I shouldn't. It all happened in the dark. It was the result of an accident. But I don't want to talk about that. I might find myself arrested as an accessory to the fact, or something of that sort."

The conversation dragged here, and the leading comedy lady lapsed into silence. Presently the little man finished his newspaper, and, rising with a yawn, strolled off in the direction of the smoking-car. There had been a good deal of speculation for the last day or so as to whether the train would cross the Rise and reach its destination on the far side of the Rockies without being held up by the famous Ted Langham and his crowd. Three times during the last twelve months the thing had happened, generally near the same spot, and on each occasion the gang had got away, having laden themselves with money and jewels. No vigilance seemed to be equal to their audacity and resource. It was in vain that the authorities had laid traps for them; indeed, it was generally believed that Ted Langham had in his pay some of the officials of the company. At any rate, there was always the chance, which added to the piquancy of the journey, of being held up somewhere amongst those higher passes. As a rule, Langham behaved fairly well, but there were occasions when his humour took a rather grim form, and there were occasions, too, when a conductor who had shown fight had paid the penalty with his life.

All these matters the popular actress turned over in her mind as she sat in her corner watching the white landscape whirl by. Presently she became conscious of the fact that the woman opposite was regarding her with fascinated eyes. She was a slight, rather pretty woman, though her good looks were marred by an extraordinary hardness and anxiety which were only too apparent to the Star of Comedy. Being an interpreter of emotions herself, she had no difficulty in seeing that the poor woman was in trouble. It was a hard and bitter trouble, too, with some haunting suggestion of disgrace. The big actress had known trouble herself, and her heart was sympathetic.

"Are you going very far?" she asked.

The other woman's face trembled into a smile.

"As far as Lantana," she said. "I know who you are. I have seen you act several times. And they always say that you are a good and kind woman, ready to help anybody in distress."

The actress nodded somewhat reservedly. After all, it was only a commonplace trouble; this woman was anxious to borrow money

of her. She shrank back just a little, with a faint regret that she had spoken. And yet there was something in the pleading, passionate look of the stranger's eyes that moved her.

"Oh, I want you to hear me," she went on. "I see what you think, but the trouble is not mine at all. I don't want a penny from anybody, and yet I am in bitter grief at this moment. I don't want to worry you with my story, but I must tell you. At the present moment there are two thousand dollars of mine in the express-wagon safe. There are thousands of dollars besides, all in the same packages. If the train were held up now, I should lose every cent of that money."

"Is it so necessary to you?" the actress asked.

The other woman leaned forward eagerly and laid her hand upon the actress's knee. Her voice dropped to a hoarse whisper.

"It would make no difference to me at all," she said. "But to my husband it means life and death. He is a good man, but he does foolish things sometimes, and for the last six months he has had an appointment in an office up at Lantana. You can guess the sort of man he is—easy and good-natured, and incapable of saying 'No' to anybody. And because an acquaintance up there got himself in disgrace and wanted money, my husband . . . Well, he took it from the office-safe. And the other man broke his sacred promise and . . . there you are. I had to sell everything I had and come up to replace the money before the head overseer comes round. Now you can understand why I can hardly breathe with anxiety. If that gang holds up this train, I shall never know a moment's happiness again."

"But that doesn't happen every day," the actress said.

"Perhaps not; but it has happened several times, and I have a feeling that the train will be held up to-day. If it does, I want you to help me. Oh, you can. You are a beautiful woman, and all men would do all you ask. You have courage, too—I see it in your face. I did not know what to do or what to think until I heard you say just now that you had done Ted Langham a service. If he comes—"

"Oh, but your nerves are all out of order. I don't think I should know the man, but there's no occasion to meet trouble half way. Anybody would think you had special knowledge. Anybody would think that you knew the train was going to be held up."

"I do know that the train is going to be held up."

The words came in a harsh, strained whisper; then, with a sudden impulse, the woman rose and murmured a few incoherent words in the great actress's ear. They conveyed nothing for the moment; then gradually their meaning became clear, and the whole situation stood out clear-cut and luminous.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" the Star of Comedy said. "Really, now! Well, upon my word, you surprise me! I suppose this is romance. Still, I think we shall be able to manage him. Now, the best thing you can do is to efface yourself for a little while and give me a free hand in the matter. I suppose we can reckon on an hour or two's grace? These men won't appear before dark."

The other woman caught at the actress's hand and clutched it tightly, and then she rose and disappeared. Ten minutes later the little man who had been previously seated in the opposite corner came back to his place again. This was the thing that usually happened with any mere man to whom the actress had given the light of her countenance, which was a tribute to her powers which she appreciated. She flashed him a smile from those glorious eyes of hers, and he expanded accordingly. It was not quite dark as yet, and the electric lights in the roof of the car were struggling for mastery with the snow gleaming outside.

"No," the actress was saying thoughtfully. "I have had few adventures, though I have seen a good deal of life. Only this afternoon, for instance, that poor creature is beside herself with terror because she is afraid the train will be held up by Ted Langham and his gang."

"Looked like a plucky woman, too," the little man said.

"Oh, undoubtedly. But then, you see, the trouble is not hers, but her husband's. And she happens to be exceedingly fond of him. I daresay you will wonder why I am telling you all this, but it will be quite plain presently. There are two thousand dollars in the express safe belonging to that poor little thing. If those train-wreckers come along, why, she would lose her money with the rest. What you lose and what I lose will probably be nothing. But what she's robbed of will be life's happiness—it will be the good name of her husband, his liberty and freedom. If that money

[Continued overleaf.]

COMIC CORNERS.



SHORT-SIGHTED ASTRONOMER: How very distinct the Great Bear is to-night!

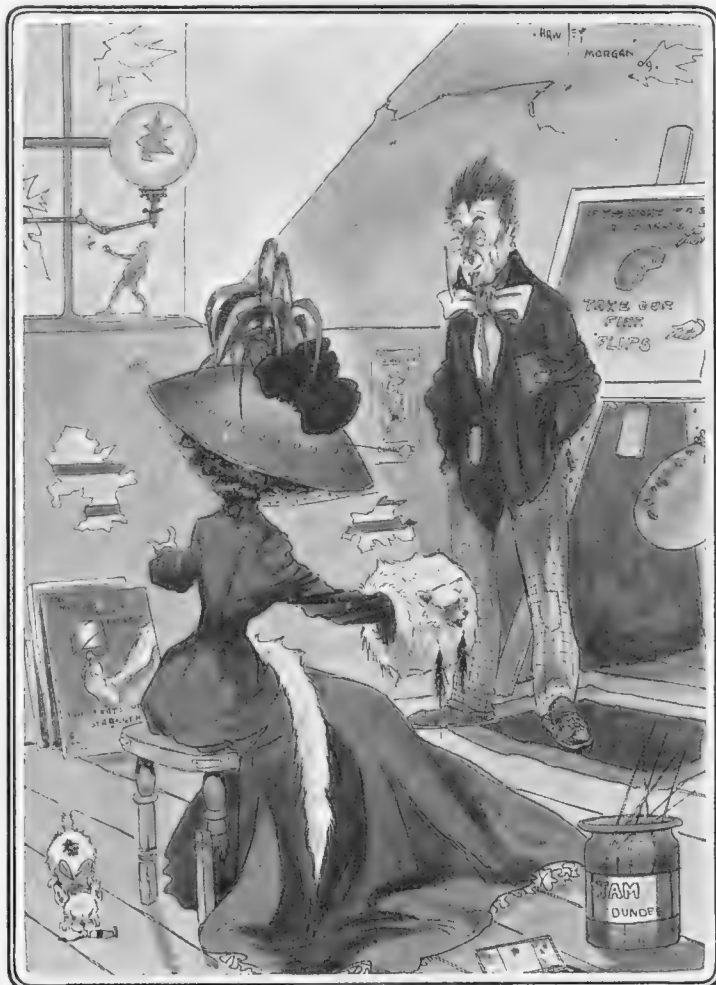
DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



DENTIST: Good morning, Mr. Giles, and how do you like the false teeth?

GILES: Well, zur, they fit a bit tight under the ears.

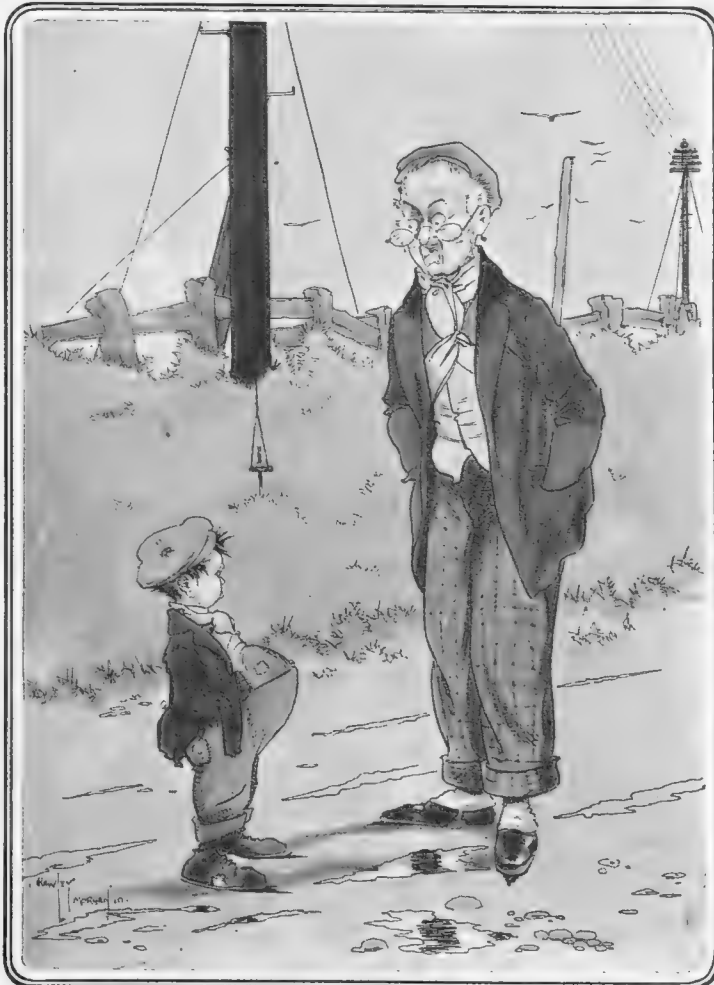
DRAWN BY TREVER EVANS.



THE ARTIST: I don't know, I really don't know, how to get on.

HIS ACTRESS SISTER: My dear John, never say "die." Why not try losing your jewels?

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.



SHOCKED GENTLEMAN (coming across distended Tommy): Don't you think, my lad, it's rather unwise to eat quite so much?

TOMMY: It ain't that, Sir; yer see, me own shirt's bein' washed, so I've 'ad to wear one of father's.

DRAWN BY HAWLEY MORGAN.

is not delivered in Lantana to-night, then the man in question will be branded as a felon. You see, it has all the making of a comedy, has it not? And I want it to remain a comedy, because, you see, that's my own line. And I think, I really think, that it is within our power to keep the tragedy out of it."

"Really, you flatter me," the little man murmured.

"Oh, not at all," the actress said, with one of her most dazzling smiles. "I am absolutely certain that we can manage it between us. When Ted Langham comes——"

"Say—go slow. If he comes."

"No, I said *when* he comes. I don't think that little woman will be frightened without due cause. She wouldn't have worried herself into such a state on the off-chance of this famous train-wrecker coming along. You see, she knows him by sight, and, well—he's on the train now."

"Oh, is that a fact?" the little man asked coolly.

"Oh, it's true enough. That poor woman told me so just now. But it speaks volumes for her pluck and courage that she did not scream out directly she saw him. The first thing of which she thought was her money, and how to save it. By denouncing Langham she would have done the very worst thing for herself possible. She sat down as quietly as she could to think the matter over. And she found, as people with pluck and courage always find, that there was help at hand. She heard me say that I had done this Langham a service once, and she asked me to speak to him, to intercede with him, at any rate to save her money. I am going to get you to help me in this matter. And I want to impress upon you that I am the woman who saved Ted Langham from finishing his career in gaol. When he lay out on the roadside with a bullet through his lungs it was my car that picked him up, and his associates thought he was so far gone that they told me his name and implored me to take him to a hospital. But I didn't do anything of the sort. I always had a sneaking admiration for courage and enterprise. I drove that man to a place where he could be safe, and I arranged for him to be looked after until he was fit to travel. I never saw his face, and I could not go and see him, because my engagements took me elsewhere. And now, don't you think if I saw this man, and reminded him of this, that he would consent, well—to postpone operations for a bit? Don't you think that, if I asked him, as a favour, to allow this particular train to run on to Lantana he would fall in with my wishes? Or do you suppose that he is so utterly depraved and heartless a scoundrel as to forget the service I rendered him? Do you think he would ignore the fact that I knew who he was when I helped him? Because, if you think he is this type of man, we might hold a council of war——"

"No, I don't," the little man said. "I don't believe there's any man such a scoundrel as that. And I am quite of opinion that, if Langham were here now and you looked at him as you are looking at me—why, he would postpone operations for the mere chance of doing you a favour. I'll go and see him for you, if you like. Oh, you needn't trouble to get up; now I know that this man is on the train, I shall have no trouble in spotting him. And, whatever happens, don't you trouble. You just sit where you are and take my word for it that everything is going to go right. You will find the train pull up in Lantana in due time. And as to Ted Langham, I think I can promise you that he and his lot won't molest you at all."

The little man rose from his seat and proceeded to button his big fur coat about him. He strolled presently along the corridor and into the express wagon, where the conductor was seated. He stayed

there for a minute or two with his eye on the clock, then, as he turned, his hand fell, almost as if by accident, upon the electric alarm. It jangled through the length of the train. The conductor came running out with a revolver in his hand. His white face looked ghostly in the darkness.

"Oh, it's all right," the little man said. "Keep a grip on your nerves, sonny. One of the passengers tumbled over the rail into the snow. I guess you'll find him a few rods back, and if you want to know, it was I who rang the bell."

The train came almost to a standstill, and just for a moment everything was in confusion. In the darkness the little man swung himself off the car into a snow-drift, and skirted round a pine-belt and watched the proceedings with a twinkle in his grey eyes. He heard the mutterings and cursings of the train crew, he heard the hiss and roar of escaping steam, and the rush of the train as she began to gain speed again. Presently the tail-lights of the train vanished in a deep white cutting, and the little man stood there in the keen night air, muttering and chuckling to himself.

It was absolutely a wilderness of snow and sleet. He might have been put down in one of the Arctic Circles for all sign there was of civilisation. But he seemed to know exactly where he was. He made his way as rapidly as possible along the rails until he came to a side track, leading to a belt of pines, underneath which stood a big hut formed of logs of wood. There were lights gleaming here, and through the silence something which sounded like the steady tap-tap of a typewriter. The little man advanced to the hut and opened the door. Inside it was warm and inviting enough; the stove roared redly, paraffin-lamps were suspended from the ceiling and threw a brilliant ray of light everywhere. In one corner stood a variety of shining brass instruments, over which a man was bending and listening. He was one of the railway company's operators, taking off a telegraph message. The little man waited until he had finished. Then he touched the operator on the shoulder. With that the latter looked up, and he saw a little man with a hoar-frosted moustache, dressed in a fur coat, holding a revolver within a few inches of his head.

"Now, don't you make a fuss," the little man said. "You've just got to send a message to Flat Pine Reef for me, where it will be waited for. My friends have an accomplice on the telegraph office there. You've just got to do it, or else I shall be under the painful necessity of laying you out with this gun and sending the message myself. I'll tell you what to say: 'I am at Lone Tree Hill. Just dropped off train. Do nothing to-night, but meet me in the morning at No. 1356.' That's all you've got to do, young man. And I'll just stand here, if you don't mind, and hear the reply come back. . . . Well, so far so good. I'm glad you've tried no tricks upon me, for I understand this code as well as you. Now, just you stand by and I'll listen to the reply."

The reply came clicking back presently, with one or two words that mostly composed groups of figures. The little man nodded with an air of great approval.

"I think it will do to-night," he said.

"But what in thunder does it all mean?" the operator asked. "What is your little game?"

"Oh, all for the convenience of your passengers," the little man said grimly. "If I hadn't sent that message to my mates your express would have been held up this side of Lantana. At any rate, you've had the satisfaction of putting Ted Langham off for once."

"And who are you?" the operator asked.

"Why," the little man smiled, "I'm Ted Langham himself."

THE END.



THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

"Go 'ome and wash some of the dirt off yer face, or yer 'll get Lloyd-George putting a land tax on it!"

THE PERFECT MAN

RECREATION and sport are essentials of modern life. The professional man of to-day finds that he cannot maintain that cheerfulness and vigour in life that he desires without some play in the open air. Of late years golf has been the pastime that has been most favoured by these giants in intellect. Like everything else, golf needs suitable clothing, and it will therefore be of interest to note what is worn by men well known.

When golfing, Mr. A. J. Balfour, as a general rule, wears a jacket with pleats from the shoulders to the waist, below which it

has large hip-pockets, with flaps on the top. The neck is finished with a neat collar and turn, above which the opening of a single-breasted, no-collar waistcoat appears. His nether-garments are rather wide-legged trousers, and on his head he wears a full-top cap. He wears a turn-down collar and a knottie.

The Bishop of London is another believer in the royal game as

He wears a jacket which opens low and has a pointed lapel something after the style of a reefer. This jacket, however, is single-breasted, and fastens just above the waist. His waistcoat shows above the opening, and is generally of a fancy character with a broad edging. His hat is of the soft Tyrolean style, and round his neck he wears a double collar and a small-knot tie. He may be looked upon as a good exponent of the dressier styles of golf clothing.

Mr. Winston Churchill is somewhat erratic in his golfing-dress; but, as a rule, he wears rather a low rolling jacket with an ordinary style of lapel. The front fastens with three buttons, and is well rounded away at the corners. Under this he sometimes wears a white sweater and allows its wide collar to turn over the neck of the jacket. His nether-garments are generally breeches, but sometimes he contents himself with ordinary trousers. His headgear is a very narrow-brim soft-felt hat, which looks far too small for him, and consequently he must be regarded as a golfer with original ideas in the matter of dress.

These examples will serve to show that there is considerable diversity of opinion; it will therefore be well to state what is considered the newest style of golfing-jacket. It is one that is made up with a half-belt at the waist, into which the upper part of the back is pleated, thus providing room for the shoulder-blades and the swing of the arms. The fronts fasten moderately high at the neck, and button four, continuing down almost square to the corners. Four patch-pockets of good size are put on the outside, and these are finished with flaps. In some cases the under-sleeve is cut in such a way as to allow the armhole to be very deep, so giving the utmost ease, and yet avoiding



TO BE ENTERTAINED TO A DINNER, COMPLIMENTARY AND CONSOLATORY: MR. HAROLD COX, THE REJECTED OF PRESTON.

Mr. Harold Cox, who lost his seat at Preston, is to be entertained to a dinner on the 15th at the Freemasons' Hall by the British Constitution Association, in recognition of the great public services he rendered in the late Parliament to the cause of personal liberty and responsibility. It will be remembered that Lord Rosebery paid a special tribute to Mr. Cox, saying that there was no candidate whose success he so much desired. Lord Rosebery will preside at the dinner.

Photograph by Winter.



TRYING TO MAKE A MAN PERFECTLY SOBER: THE READING-ROOM OF AN ALABAMA "LOCKER-CLUB" USED TO EVADE PROHIBITION LAWS.

In the State of Alabama fierce controversy rages over the liquor traffic. A prohibition law has been passed, which is, however, it is said, constantly evaded. In Birmingham, the capital of Jefferson County, there are some 150 "locker clubs," which ostensibly are social clubs, but are really used for drinking purposes. The papers and furniture in the reading-room are seldom disturbed.

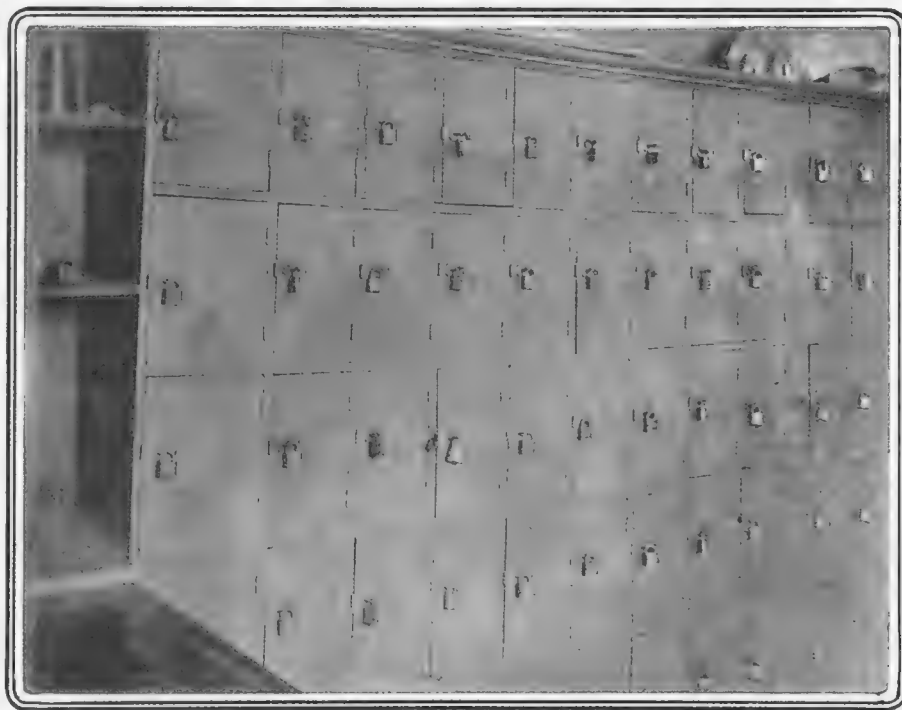
Photograph by G. D. Coxell.

one of the best means of getting open-air recreation, and he is often seen on the links attired in an ordinary Norfolk jacket, made up with one pleat down each front from shoulder to the bottom of the jacket, and one pleat down the centre of the back. Large flap-pockets are placed on the hips, and a belt of the same material as the jacket is worn round the waist. The neck of his jacket is finished

with a neat collar and lapel, but it fastens fairly high and does not show any waistcoat. He wears knickers that pouch over below the knee, knickers stockings, and lace boots, a woollen shirt which is finished at the neck with a double collar, and with this a neat sailor-knot tie. His head-gear is the full-top golf-cap of the same material as his suit.

Mr. Lloyd-George generally wears an ordinary lounge-suit for this purpose. The front of his jacket fastens with four buttons, and consequently has a short lapel. It is rounded away at the corners, and the pockets are of the ordinary type. With this he wears trousers of fair width and a full-top cap. He usually wears a stand-up linen collar with the corners turned forward, and his tie is of the sailor-knot style.

Sir Gilbert Parker, who is one of our best-dressed M.P.s, goes in for a smarter style of suit.



THE "WET" AND "DRY" CONTROVERSY IN ALABAMA: LOCKERS FOR LIQUOR IN A "LOCKER-CLUB."

The liquor traffic controversy in Alabama has divided the people into two parties, known as the "Wet" and the "Dry"—the "Wets," of course, being the thirsty souls, and the "Drys," the prohibitionists. The "locker-clubs" of Birmingham are called social clubs merely as a blind, to secure convenient drinking places. Each member has a locker and a key, and liquor may be kept in these store-houses and handily obtained when required.

Photograph by G. D. Coxell.

the slightest degree of drag when the arm is moving, as when making a drive.

Trousers, breeches, and knickers are all worn; experts are to be found who favour each style, as indicated by our examples above. When trousers are worn they are made wide in the leg. Knickers are made very full, and are brought close to the small by a band of cloth or a piece of elastic, which is hidden from view by the pouch or bag-over. When breeches are used they are made very full at the thigh, and provided with ample length in the leg; the knees are made quite close-fitting, and fasten with three buttons. Stockings are worn with both breeches and knickers, and the fancy tops of these just overlap the breeches, while those used with knickers are more generally quite plain.

The full-top cap is very popular, but the soft-felt hat is growing in favour.—W. D. F. V.



BY HENRY LEACH.

Getting Ready.

I always meet the golfer who tells me just at this time of the year that he is going to do something very wonderful—for him—in the course of the season about to open, explaining the extensive preparations he is making for doing it. He has been looking back on his golfing past during the dreary winter months, has been overhauling his clubs, has been experimenting at home with new ideas, and reading all the books. He knows at last what is wrong, and is about to set it right. Also he has determined to take up the game more seriously and thoroughly than ever before, and is doing some sort of training for it, so as to give himself every chance. But such resolutions, for the most part, go the way of those made on the first of January, not because the men are really without determination, but because this game is not one that lends itself very well to determinations. It is a difficult thing to deal with, and when a golfer has given up for quite a long time many things that

make life worth living, has practised most assiduously, has bought new clubs, taken lessons, and tried all the new dodges that he has thought out, and then has found that the only result is that he is playing much worse than ever before, he says nasty things, and decides that he will simply enjoy himself on the links this year and wait

until the next before making another good try to get his handicap down.

Perhaps he is wise. These thoughts are induced by the statement being circulated that the reigning open champion of the game, J. H. Taylor, in view of

his coming responsibilities—the great fight for the championship that is to take place this year; the special distinction that there

and just waggle it for a little while every morning to keep themselves accustomed to the feel of the thing, so that, as he puts it, when they come to play again, it will not feel like a spade or a broomstick. There is much virtue in this idea. Some men go much further and do a certain number of full swings with their drivers every day. Not nearly so much clear space is needed in

a room for this purpose as is generally imagined. What one needs to do is to make a swing slowly, to see that the club is not catching anything, and notice the precise spot on the carpet where the imaginary ball was addressed. Then for the future you may let out when you have found your spot again; but if it is a



NO NEED TO ASK WHETHER HE HAS MADE A GOOD SHOT: MR. LLOYD-GEORGE LOOKING PLEASSED.

Now that he is once more back amid the stress of politics, doubtless Mr. Lloyd-George looks back with regret to the pleasant days he spent, during his brief holiday on the Riviera, on the links of the Nice Golf Club at Cagnes.—(Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.)

small pattern, make very sure of the spot, because men have been known to make mistakes and smash the electric-lighting arrangements as the result. Such practice needs to be taken very carefully and thoughtfully. If it is done for several days without a visit to the links for the real thing, it will often be found that the man has developed a habit of rapid swinging back which is fatal when there is a ball to be driven. In this practice swing very slowly and very correctly, and allow several seconds to elapse between each swing; otherwise correctness cannot

possibly be preserved.

Making Sacrifices.

Then some keen enthusiasts consider the question of "swearing off" something or other in order to help their game. It is the general opinion that heavy smoking is an extremely bad thing for the golfer with ambitions—affecting eyes and nerves adversely, and producing a fatal irritability. But, on the other hand, it is notorious that one or two men who have risen to amateur champion rank are most excessive smokers; and when Mr. Travis, the American, accomplished his famous victory

at Sandwich, he was never seen throughout the play without a big black cigar in his mouth. He told me once that, in order to see what the effect would be, he stopped smoking for a fortnight before he was due to take part in a big tournament. The effect was that, when his time came to play, his putting was, as he said, childish; and, as everybody knows, wonderful putting was what won him the amateur championship. He says that settled all training for him. Yet Harry Vardon, who is also a great smoker, once stopped for a month or so prior to a championship, and in his case the temptation to resume was so great that he used to walk home from the links by a special route, along which there were no tobacco-shops. And he won his championship. James Braid's advice is to sleep as much as ever you can, and that, at all events, seems sound.



WILL IT GO DOWN BETTER THAN HIS SPEECHES? MR. LLOYD-GEORGE WATCHING THE RESULT OF A LONG PUTT.

Mr. Lloyd-George, having made a long putt, watches the ball with an expression of anxiety on his face. He is wondering, perhaps, whether it will go down better than some of his speeches, or whether it will merely "lip the hole."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

his coming responsibilities—the great fight for the championship that is to take place this year; the special distinction that there will be in winning it, and the extra gold medal that will be given to the victor in commemoration of his success in the Jubilee year of the event—has gone into a kind of training and is doing ball-punching and boxing. This is quite a new idea, although I once heard of a very eminent player doing a course of skipping-rope exercise every day when he was not getting enough of the game to keep himself fit.

Home Training.

Many of the best men use dumb-bells in the morning with a view to keeping the muscles of the arms and wrists supple enough for their golfing purposes; but there is some little difference of opinion as to whether this is altogether a success or not. A leading amateur of international rank strongly advises his fellows at this season to have a club in their bed-rooms

STUDIES IN STATESMAN-LIKE EXPRESSIONS: MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S GOLFING FACE.



DELIGHT WRITTEN ALL OVER HIS COUNTENANCE: MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S EXPRESSION AFTER A SATISFACTORY DRIVE.

From the delighted expression of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's face, it seems probable that the drive he has just brought off is one that has caused him almost as keen satisfaction, at any rate for the moment, as would the passing of his Budget by a reformed House of Lords.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Melbourne-to-Sydney Record.

The Invincible Talbot is, and always has been, a great favourite at the Antipodes. It seems built all round for Colonial work, and nothing would appear to endorse this more conclusively than the fine performance effected by Mr. White, an Adelaide motorist, between Melbourne and Sydney just before the close of the year. The previous best between these two State capitals stood to the credit of Messrs. C. B. Kellow and H. B. James, also on a Talbot, when the journey was completed in 25 hours 40 min.; but this record was cut down by Mr. White by 4 hours 21 min., his total time being 21 hours 19 min. Only those who are acquainted with the route, and have attempted to motor over the hundreds of miles of bush-tracks which separate the two cities, can fully appreciate Mr. White's and the Talbot car's performance. Continental tyres, upon which the car ran, share the glory of the feat.

The Carte Michelin. France is well provided with most things, but in the matter of an ordnance survey she certainly does fall a long way behind this country. No nation in the world issues such admirable official maps as our own beautiful one-inch-to-the-mile Ordnance series, and it is this lack of something superlative of its kind that has prompted the energetic firm of Messrs. Michelin and Co. to issue their "Carte Michelin" as an accompaniment to their "Guide Michelin." In the "Carte Michelin" France is covered by forty-seven sheets, the scale being $\frac{1}{300,000}$ of one centimetre to two kilometres. The "Carte Michelin" is a descriptive road-book and a distanced itinerary as well as a map. The roads are coloured to show three grades, edged comparatively with a colour-tint to show their degree of picturesqueness, distanced from one important point to another in kilometres in red, and intermediately in blue. Points of view, hill-summits, passes, motor-ferries, Custom-houses, churches, castles, ruins, and curiosities are all indicated by various clearly printed signs. The sheets can be obtained from Messrs. Michelin and Co., Sussex Place, South Kensington, S.W., at sevenpence each post free.

Not Catarrh—a Tyre-Filling. I feel sure that the word "pneumatic" has puzzled many people, even motorists. It suggested either some attribute of influenza or an awkward attempt to pronounce "pneumatic." Certainly the idea that it is a substitute for air—at least, for the air used for the inflation of pneumatic tyres—does not at once arise. And yet that is what it really is, after all. It is a cellular substance, composed, indeed, of an incredible number of tiny cells which, during the course of manufacture, become filled with compressed air. By its use, that most fickle and tiresome adjunct, the inner tube, is

dispensed with altogether, the material "pneumatic" being forced directly into the covers, and so providing a remarkably resilient, unpuncturable, and reliable tyre. The genuineness and practical character of "pneumatic" have been completely proved by exhaustive tests which were made last March under the watchful eye of the Royal Automobile Club, when a set of covers was so filled, and, though pierced by gashes, ran uninterruptedly for three thousand miles without uneven wear or distortion.

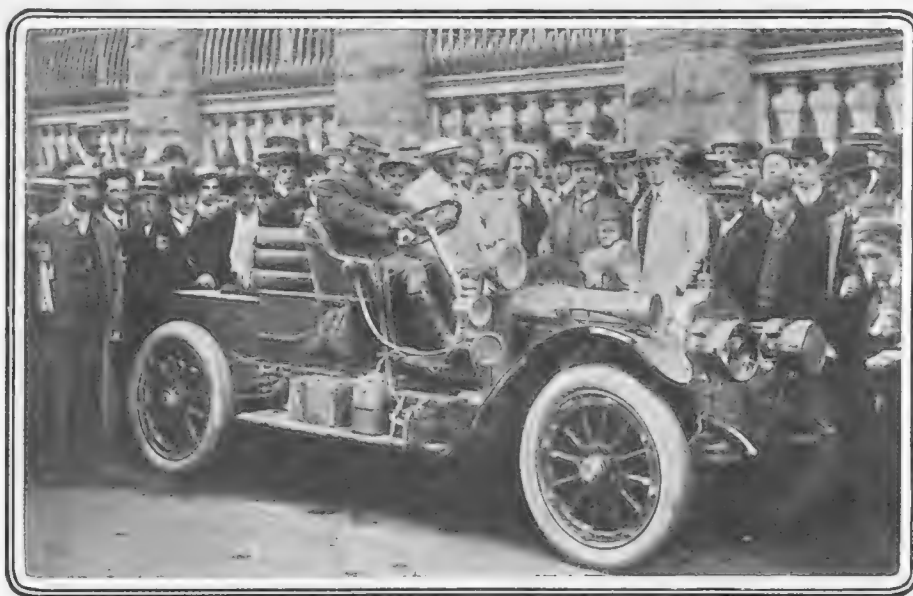


LONDON TO EDINBURGH: THE CAR THAT MADE A FAMOUS NON-STOP RUN.

Our illustration shows the well-known 18-h.p. Bedford car which, in spite of terrible climatic conditions, made a successful non-stop run from London to Edinburgh recently under R.A.C. supervision.

testified his appreciation of this substance as follows: "I have been running on pneumatic for some months. I have had an entire immunity from tyre punctures, and I find no difference in petrol consumption or vibration. I am quite satisfied with it. Mine is a powerful car. If the tyre be sound, one is just as safe as on a solid tyre."

Aeroplanes Catalogued. The great firm of Humber Ltd., Coventry, are first in the field with an official aeroplane catalogue. In this coming industry, as in cycling and motoring, they are faithful to their reputation as pioneers. In these, the early days of aviation, I hope the Humber aeroplane will come to bear as sound and as treasured a reputation as the Humber bicycle, without which no great bicycle crack of the prime considered himself as perfectly equipped. The Humber Company are not embarking in aeroplane construction without due deliberation. In lieu of rushing into the market with a new and untried machine, they have held their hands until able to put out a machine designed and constructed in accordance with the widest experience of first-class aeroplane experts, so that for design, strength, lightness, and excellence of workmanship the Humber aeroplanes challenge comparison with any now offered to the public.



A FAMOUS TALBOT: THE CAR THAT HOLDS THE MELBOURNE-TO-SYDNEY RECORD. Our photograph shows the 35-h.p. Talbot car which holds the record for the journey from Melbourne to Sydney, a distance of 577 miles, recently covered by Mr. White in 21 hours 19 min..

I am asked to remind my readers that the Cannes Aviation Meeting, which promises to overshadow any meeting previously held in France, is to date from March 27 to April 3, and not from April 3 to 10, as stated in some newspapers.

[Continued on a later page.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

BY CAPTAIN COE.

Titled Owners. It is a remarkable fact that few of our titled owners patronise the big handicaps. Thus for the Lincoln Handicap the only titled owners that entered horses were Lord Carnarvon, Lord M. Beresford, Lady de Bathe, Count Lehndorff, and Sir R. W. B. Jardine. The nominators to the Great Metropolitan include Princess Duleep Singh, Baroness M. de Breenen, Lady de Bathe, Lord Derby, Lord Rosebery, Lord Westbury, Sir William Cooper, and Sir Ernest Paget. His Majesty the King is a nominator to the City and Suburban, and titled owners who named horses are Lord Rosebery, Lord Carnarvon, the Duke of Portland, Count Lehndorff, Lady de Bathe, Sir Peter Walker, and Sir William Cooper. His Majesty names Minoru and Princesse de Galles for the Jubilee Stakes, and for this race titled nominators include the Duke of Portland, Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Rosebery, Lord Carnarvon, Lord M. Beresford, Count Lehndorff, and Sir W. Bass. It is worthy of note that the Duke of Westminster has not a single entry made for the spring handicaps, while the following big owners hold aloof—namely, Lord Durham, Lord Harewood, Lord Wolverton, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Cadogan, Lord Londonderry, Lord Savile, Lord Clonmell, Lord Farquhar, Lord Villiers, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Downe, Lord Falmouth, Lord Ilchester, Lord Alington, Lord Lonsdale, Sir Edgar Vincent, Sir E. Cassel, Sir J. Thursby, and Sir R. Waldie Griffiths. It should be added that many of these do not favour handicaps, but of the others several have before now entered horses in this class of race. It is lucky for the sport that the City financiers believe in handicaps, or the entries would be poor in the extreme. It is a matter for congratulation that nowadays owners make the entries in perfect good faith, intending to run their horses if the weight suits. The result is a better average of runners to entries than prevailed twenty years back, when horses were in some cases nominated to be laid against in the ante-post books.

Racecourse Clubs. "One for the rich" applies very forcibly to the clubs connected with our racecourses. Let me quote one instance. It is possible to become a member of, say, the Sandown Park Club for ten guineas a year, and this includes two ladies' brooches. Thus three persons are entitled to enjoy some twenty days' racing per annum. If the same three paid for admission to Tattersall's it would cost them £60 a year. This should not be. At some meetings ladies are admitted to Tattersall's ring at half the usual charge, and this rule should apply to all meetings. Better still, the same

rules as to charges should apply to Tattersall's that now apply to the clubs, and it should be possible to purchase a ten-guinea annual ticket to Tattersall's which would admit one gentleman and two ladies. The time has certainly arrived when all racegoers should be treated on equal terms in the matter of charges, and those who by accident of birth are not qualified to become members of clubs surely ought to be allowed to enjoy the sport on the same terms as club members, at least so far as the cost is concerned! Racing clubs are, I admit, a capital institution, and they provide the sinews of war to the companies running the Park meetings. But the general public, if wanting to buy season-tickets, should certainly be given the chance of doing so. The plan would, I am convinced, be the means of attracting more ladies to Tattersall's Ring, and, in the long run, it would be made to pay well. The first clerk-of-the-course to give it a trial will have no cause to regret having done so.



TRICKS OF THE TURF: NOT, WE HOPE, THE ENGLISH TURF. For doping a horse an injection of cocaine, strychnine, or nitro-glycerine is used. These substances are strong poisons, and need wonderful skill to administer. Too much may kill the horse; too little may not suffice to produce the required effect, which is to bring to its highest tension the nervous force which controls the animal's movements. Elsewhere we illustrate another trick of the Turf—a case of substitution in France.

Photograph by Illustrations Agency.

tip right off for the Lincoln Handicap, I should give Kakadu, simply because I think Mr. Ord has underestimated this horse's Continental form. For the

Horses to Follow. It is extremely difficult at this season of the year to guess as to what is likely to happen during the coming flat-race season. But one likes to take a flight of fancy occasionally, and I am going to suggest that Neil Gow may be good to follow for the Derby. Maid of Corinth is very likely to win the Oaks. If I were called upon to tip right off for the Lincoln Handicap, I should give Kakadu, simply because I think Mr. Ord has underestimated this horse's Continental form. For the Grand National, I should declare for Caubeen, although some people fancy Glenside, in the same stable. It must not be forgotten that Caubeen ran well in the race last year, and if Mason rides he will go close this year. For the City and Suburban I should go right out for the old champion, Dean Swift, who is as fresh as a two-year-old. He has wintered well, and, according to those in the know, he is as fast as ever he was. If I had to guess right off the winner of the Great Metropolitan, I should go for Stormfinch, who is a very likely horse to get over this course successfully. The Jubilee is a very difficult race to deal with just now, but I venture on the opinion that Llangwm, if sound and well, would win with Maher in the saddle, while for a second string I suggest Adversary. For the curious it would be



THE MEMBER FOR NEWMARKET WIELDS THE HAMMER: MR. G. H. VERRALL, M.P., SELLING HORSES AFTER THE PLUMPTRE RACES.

After the steeplechases at Plumpton last week the new Member for the Newmarket Division of Cambridgeshire, Mr. George Henry Verrall, M.P., sold some of the horses, including St. Vincent, the winner of the Portslade Steeplechase. Mr. Verrall is a member of the well-known racing firm of Pratt and Co.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

interesting to keep these selections and see how they work out. I am afraid Lloyd's would charge 99 per cent. to insure any four of the horses mentioned.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Hoxton for Hilarity.

If you want to know what ecstasy means; if you would like to watch a vast audience wave like a field of wheat in a breeze of merriment; if you would see the roses and raptures of pleasure against a sordid curtain of misery, then betake yourself to the Britannia Theatre at Hoxton when the Playgoers' Club are entertaining two thousand five hundred little people to a pantomime. To begin with, there is no such audience in London. An actor would wish for no other. For quickness of perception and loyal appreciation they leave the "grown-ups" far behind. Did one ever hear such resounding peals of silver laughter? The only shadow on the little faces is when the curtain goes down between the acts, and they feverishly inquire if it is all over. Nor do they take, like a West-End audience, a purely passive part in the performance. There is no need for a chorus on the stage, for two thousand wan-faced little people are determined to sing any popular song which the conductor may strike up. And on a particularly forlorn, drizzling, muggy, and greasy afternoon in Hoxton there is infinite pathos and infinite optimism in the way this vast horde of youthful Londoners join, with faultless precision, in the ballad, "There's a sun shining somewhere, I know!"

Pale Skins for Pink People.

To be pallid and wan of visage is the latest fashion abroad, though in Paris and Vienna the disquieting effect is mitigated by the wearing of vivid scarlet lips. However anæmic a modish woman may wish to appear, her mouth, by a strange chance, is always crimson, and this combination is effective enough on dark-haired French women and Italians, and on the sunny-locked Austrians of Vienna. But for Englishwomen and Irishwomen—naturally endowed with brilliant, rosy complexions, deliberately to make themselves into pallid spectres is an error of judgment into which they should not be led by tyrannical fashion. The essentially pink person cannot be made pale in the twinkling of an eye, any more than the leopard can change its spots; and a beautiful Briton should not be in too great a hurry to exchange a damask cheek for one which looks as if its possessor were in need of a tonic or a sea-voyage to regain her health. As a matter of experience, even actresses find that a total change of colouring is rarely an advantage, that strange-coloured wigs are a snare, and that a woman expresses herself best when she retains the colour and contour with which Nature (wise creature) has chosen to endow her. George Meredith's ideal heroine was a girl who could eat a rump-steak every day and drink half a tumbler of Burgundy, a regimen which would be fatal to the present modish pallor of the Continental *élégante*.

The Importance of Choosing One's Parents.

You cannot be too careful, it appears, in choosing your parents—or, at any rate, the time in their lives when it best suits you to enter this mundane sphere. Scientific investigations in that land of empiricism, the United States, have elicited the fact that "the children of very young parents are generally egotistical and selfish, and not very deep thinkers." This description applies so nicely to the majority of citizens that it is evident early marriage must have been highly popular a generation ago. If you have the ambition to become "a great philanthropist, philosopher, or poet," you must look about for an elderly father and a mother who has definitely said good-bye to youth and frivolity. Do you aspire to be a hero, to lead forlorn hopes, and perform deeds of derring-do?—then take a youthful masculine parent and a feminine one who is mature. But, alas! even the Unborn Children in Maurice Maeterlinck's play could not choose the year or the hour of their birth, nor had they any say in the important question of parents. It is a gross oversight on the part of Nature not to let us have at least a choice in the matter of father and mother, and a vote as to what sort of part we shall play and what sort of a figure we shall cut in the great tragedy-comedy called Life.

A Surprise House of Lords.

That the House of Lords will promptly and drastically "reform" itself is now a foregone conclusion, and the only question which remains is that of the Notables who will be summoned to the new Senate. Will every Senator receive the courtesy title of a peer, and his wife be entitled to call herself a peeress? If so, we shall see some curious little scenes not so long hence, for it is certain that the more old-fashioned members of the aristocracy on the spindle side will not take their social discomfiture, this lowering of their prestige and their dignity, "lying down." It is suggested in the most unlikely quarters, for instance, that eminent Nonconformists should sit in the new House of Lords, and the spectacle of their eminently worthy womenkind, in coronets and miniver, brushing elbows with the daughters of a hundred earls at some great State function, will be typical of the new order of

things which the twentieth century is so feverishly anxious to inaugurate. But whatever happens, the new Second Chamber will no longer be regarded as a kind of asylum for worn-out statesmen, a shelf on which to place unserviceable and slightly damaged political crockery. The "other place" will be in many ways a surprise House of Lords, and untold will be the judgment and tact required adequately to fill it.



A RECEPTION GOWN OF SHOT NINON OVER SATIN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The Flowing Tide. The ebb is over for the present; the social tide was at its lowest the week before last. There was a gentle flow last week, imperceptible almost, and this week it strengthens. Their Majesties' arrival in town on Monday, and that of Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia arranged for Tuesday, have given things an impetus. The visit of the Kaiser's brother is to be a quiet one. He has recently undergone an operation. His stay will, however, be one giving keen pleasure to their Majesties. Princess Henry is the King's niece, daughter of the late Grand Duchess of Hesse—Princess Alice of England—sister to the Empress of Russia and of Princess Louise of Battenberg. It is a long time since she has been in England. They will probably go out a little and see some plays. Many people are in town for the swearing-in of the new Parliament. On Saturday night Lansdowne House and Wimborne House will be the scenes of brilliant receptions. On Monday, the State opening of Parliament will afford Londoners a brilliant spectacle.

Court Clothes. Occupying a very important position in many minds is the question of Court clothes. First to be considered is the feminine full-dress uniform in which ladies make their curtsies to their Majesties. It is not a matter precise as to the number of buttons or the particular pattern and amount of embroidery, as are men's formal clothes for Court. Broadly, it is a prescribed form of dress; it may, however, vary as to detail. Every advantage is taken of this possibility of variation. Modistes are showing the latest models from Paris, where fashion rose above the floods. There is a decided change from the metallic tones so prevalent all last year to softer effects. Shot chiffon will play an important part—the colours in it are wonderfully beautiful. Although the classical tunic is still in vogue, yet some of the new trained skirts cut all in one with the bodices, long lines being carried from shoulders to hem, are indescribably graceful.

Men's Magnificence. Ladies do not have it all their own way on these ceremonious occasions. The Master of the Horse has a magnificent uniform, which is a mass of scarlet and gold, having seventeen double bars of gold-plait embroidery down the front of the tunic, and there are gold shoulder-knots and aiguillettes. There is a very ornate sword with gold-and-crimson strap, and a belt of gold and crimson. The Pages of Honour are also gay and brave in scarlet and gold, and they wear white ribbons and cords on their right shoulders. They wear short swords and gold-lace straps and tassels. The Earl Marshal is another brilliant figure in scarlet, with collars and cuffs of blue-black velvet and much gold embroidery on the scarlet tunic. The officers and ensigns of his Majesty's Bodyguard of Gentlemen-at-Arms make another gorgeously arrayed feature of a Court. The Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard is familiar to all. It is quite distinct from the former. The Captain and officers wear a very imposing uniform. The full-dress civil uniform is remarkably pretty; the dark-blue coat, closely buttoned to the throat, is a mass of gold embroidery in the case of great officers of State. It alters in width according to its being first or second class. The Lord Chamberlain and the Queen's Lord Chamberlain have a gold key on the left tails of these blue coats. The Ambassadors, Ministers, and Attachés wear the uniforms according to the regulations of their own Courts.

A Graceful Reception Gown. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be seen of a charming gown for receptions. It is of one of the new shot Ninons, in shades of pale mauve and green, over the palest mauve satin. Under it is a plain and clinging robe of palest lime-green satin. The embroidery is of silk in delicate tones of palest mauve, pink, and green, and the lace chemisette is faintly outlined with gold lace.

The Keeper of the Queen's Jewels. The Hon. Charlotte Knollys is the keeper of the Queen's private jewels. They are all properly tabulated, and repose in velvet-lined cases and drawers in a specially made safe which is now at Buckingham Palace. The Queen possesses as fine a collection as any European consort. It may be that, in some special gems, hers can be eclipsed; certainly not in diamonds or emeralds. The Queen's pearls are particularly fine, and she possesses many other superb sets of gems. Not long ago she wore a splendid parure of amethysts and diamonds, giving that stone quite a push into popular favour. It is, I believe, her Majesty's intention to have some of her jewels reset, in order to get a better reflection and greater elegance of design.

The Queen's Sunday Visit. There are few Sundays, when her Majesty is at Buckingham Palace, that she fails to make a round of the stables. As there are from seventy to a hundred horses there, and as no favouritism is shown, the proceeding is a lengthy one. Every animal has from the Queen's own hand a tit-bit—apple, carrot, or sugar, as his taste may dictate. There are the creams, the black-browns, and the bays with black points. None is left out. An attendant carries a basket with the dainties, another takes them to the stall to each horse, and the Queen gives them.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

Her Excellency the Governoress. Lady Dudley is back, intending to spend the season here. She was accompanied from Colombo by her eldest son. His Excellency the Governor, who escorted her as far as Ceylon, and enjoyed his son's society there for as extended a Christmas holiday as the Eton authorities would permit, has returned to the Commonwealth over which he rules. With him is his distinguished mother, Georgiana Lady Dudley, whose reign as a singularly handsome Englishwoman still obtains. The Countess sings enchantingly, and accompanies herself on the guitar. She is a fine linguist, and a very clever woman, who talks brilliantly on most subjects and well on any. Her first position as Vicereine was in Ireland, where the King and Queen paid her and the Lord Lieutenant a visit that was a complete success privately as well as publicly. The Queen attended a dinner and dance given by Lord and Lady Dudley previous to their departure for Australia. At this, a carefully edited performance by Maud Allan ushered in the amateur terpsichorean entertainment. Lady Honor Ward, the eldest daughter of the House, will be eighteen in June, and may go to Court this season. She is the King's god-daughter, a keen sportswoman, a fearless horsewoman, and inherits the good looks of the Wards and the Gurneys.

A Matrimonial Tit for Tat. If Mr. Anthony Drexel junior is going to marry an American heiress who "spurns the lure of coronets," his sister, also an American heiress, is to marry the heir to a good old earldom of England, dating from 1628. Viscount Maidstone is a sportsman and a keen golfer, playing a very fine game. He is above the medium height, and fair, like all the Finch-Hattons, essentially an Anglo-Saxon race. He is an only son, and his mother is the elder of the two daughters of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Codrington. The Finch-Hattons were strong adherents of the Stuarts, and James II. was dissuaded from his attempt to fly the kingdom by the third Earl of Winchelsea, then Governor of Dover Castle.

Baronesses by Birth, Countesses by Marriage. Lady Powis and her husband have left for Pau, where they will join Lord and Lady Yarborough. These sister Countesses have each a Barony in their own right. That of Fauconberg and Conyers belongs to the elder, Lady Yarborough. It is third in precedence of all those of England, dating from 1295. Lady Yarborough is the eldest co-heir of two great Generals—the Duke of Schomberg and the first Duke of Marlborough. A well-known and charming member of society, she has been much missed, owing to her long absences for the benefit of her husband's health. Her eldest son, Lord Worsley, is in the Royal Horse Guards. The Barony will probably descend to her second boy, the Hon. Sackville Pelham. The equally handsome and distinguished-looking Lady Powis inherited the Barony of Darcy de Knayth, dating from 1331-2. She has gone abroad to recruit after the serious illness that seized upon her just when the Princess of Wales arrived at Powis Castle last autumn. Her eldest boy, Lord Clive, is the great-great-grandson of the founder of the English Dominion in India. The Barony of Darcy de Knayth ranks 8A in precedence, 8 being that of Grey de Ruthyn. It will most likely go to the Hon. Mervyn Herbert, Lady Powis' second son, who is twelve years younger than Lord Clive, and will be six in May. These baronies fell into abeyance, and were terminated—that of Conyers in 1892 by Queen Victoria, that of Darcy de Knayth by the King in 1903, when the abeyance of the Fauconberg Barony was also terminated by his Majesty in favour of Lady Yarborough.

English Joans. That enterprising horsewoman, Mrs. Henry Hohler, will make a very valiant Joan of Arc at the forthcoming Army Pageant. Indeed, it is doubtful if the Maid herself would have been more capable than this twentieth-century follower of the York and Ainsty at negotiating an English fence, though the Maid was undoubtedly the braver breaker of stone walls. For her understudy, Mrs. Henry Hohler has that fearless rider, Mrs. Reginald Glossop. But many an Englishwoman could play the part as far as good riding is concerned. There would be little to choose between Lady Wilton, Lady Yarborough, and Lady Alexander Paget; and other Joans might well be found in Miss Chichester, Mrs. Guy Fenwick, Lady Gerard, and Lady Cowley.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS.

WE have received from the Gramophone Company (21, City Road, E.C.) a number of new and attractive gramophone records for the present month—

"FAUST," BALLET MUSIC. (Orchestra.)
WE PARTED ON THE SHORE. Sung by Harry Lauder.
CHANT SANS PAROLES. Played by the Renard Quartet.
"FALKA." Selection played by the Coldstream Guards.
"FORWARD." March played by the "Black Diamonds."
"YEOMEN OF THE GUARD." Selection played by the Coldstream Guards.
"THE MARINERS." Trio sung by Miss Perceval Allen, Mr. John Harrison, and Mr. Robert Radford.
TILL I WAKE. Sung by Mr. Stewart Gardner (Baritone).

I HAD MY LOVE. Sung by Mr. John Harrison.
IN SPRINGTIME. Duet Sung by Miss Perceval Allen and Mr. Robert Radford.
KASHMIRI SONG. Sung by Mr. Stewart Gardner.
WHEN THE STARS WERE YOUNG. Sung by Mme. Kirkby Lunn. Accompanied by Mr. Percy Pitt.
(A) TEMPLE BELLS } Sung by Mr.
(B) LESS THAN THE DUST } Stewart Gardner.
THE LUTE-PLAYER. Sung by Mr. Robert Radford (Bass).
A SONG OF SLERP. Sung by Mr. John Harrison (Tenor), with Piano and Violin Obligato.
LAST NIGHT. Song by Mr. Evan Williams (Tenor).

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 23.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"IT says here," remarked a man leaning against the Stock Exchange wall in Throgmorton Street, "that a rubber-tree comes to a tappable stage after about five years."

"And then?"

"Then it yields $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. for the first year, 1 lb. in the next, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in the third, and thereafter—well, I don't see anything about thereafter."

"Give me the book a minute."

His friend handed it over. It was the excellent manual issued by Messrs. Zorn and Leigh Hunt to their clients.

"Look at this. There's an example given of trees up to eleven years old yielding at that age something well over seven pounds per tree. It costs an average of eighteenpence a pound to get, and can be sold at eight shillings."

"Sounds attractive."

"Take a small estate of fifty thousand trees producing a couple of pounds per tree. That's a hundred thousand pounds. Assume the profit to be five shillings a pound, and you get £25,000. And most of the best Companies have small capitals. Man, it's astounding!"

"So are the prices. The boom can't last for ever."

"It's got to last much longer yet, all the same, and on merits. If—"

Our Stroller turned meditative steps along Throgmorton Street, his two informants moving away. He anchored in the Jungle.

"What they tell me," he overheard a jobber say, "is to buy Chersonese, Kisimu, Kuala Pahi, and low-priced rubbish like that. I'm assured there's a shilling or two profit in most of them."

Our Stroller came to the conclusion it was useless trying to escape from Rubber, so he stayed to listen.

"This market? Well, you see, old funny face, the Rubber boom has just about torn our little West African game. One of these days the things will come along again, but at present it's no use shutting our eyes to the fact that nobody takes any interest in us."

"Can't make out why they don't buy Eastmans," observed a bystander. "The Company is going to pay ten per cent., put substantial sums to reserve and equalisation-of-dividends accounts, and issue a fine report."

"And the price is —?"

"Twenty-three-and-six. They must be cheap as a speculative investment. Ever so much better than Cement Ordinary, at all events."

"Why not Steel Preferred?" Our Stroller heard a broker say. "They yield you $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the money, and might easily go on to a 5 per cent. basis; that is, rise from 123 to 140. They're cheap, I tell you."

"Sold them last night, and at a fine profit, too," declared another House man. "Yes, had to wait a few months, but the harmony came sweetly enough at the end."

"Har—?"

"Harmony Props., my dear old fellow. I don't take tips in the papers as a rule, but this was an exception. I must admit I thought they were going to let me down all the same," and he laughed at the recollection.

"I'm assured that Globes will go to ten pounds a share," said his confidant.

"You're thinking of Madagascar Rubber," and again the other laughed—a large laugh, pleasant to hear. "There's a game on in Madagascars, and if you don't mind an absolute, rank, out-and-out gamble, you buy a few, anything under fifty shillings premium."

"Lose your money or double it sort of thing, eh?"

"That's it. Now I must be off. But don't forget what I told you."

"I say, Smith," shouted the man who was left behind, "don't be late to-night. We start sharp at eight." Then he turned round to Our Stroller and said, as though in explanation, "Bridge."

"I guessed it would be something to do with Rubbers," smiled our friend.

KAFFIRETTES.

To many of us the rise in Chartered was no unexpected thing. And some of us still think that the shares will rise sufficiently superior to their own demerits for a price above £2 to be reached.

* * * * *

There is a tip going around to buy Knight Central shares. On what grounds it is difficult to discover.

* * * * *

The little rise after long-continued quietness in Randfontein shares makes observers wonder whether the time may not be approaching for the price to be given a new spin-up. Randfontein should repay watching.

* * * * *

As something better than a mere gamble, Gold Mines Investment deserve to be bought for taking-up and putting-away

purposes. They pay dividends, and have reasonable chances of a rise in the price.

* * * * *

Crown Mines were marked ex 6s. 6d. dividend last account-day, and are one of the cheapest of the high-priced Kaffir investments.

THE RUBBER SHARE MARKET.

Punch publishes a timely protest this week against the never-ending flow of new Rubber Companies. Almost all these prospectuses contain one fallacy which your readers will do well to bear in mind—they almost all assume that there will be a profit of two shillings a pound upon the production of rubber, apparently for all time. There is no sort of ground for this assumption, which every fresh flotation makes more and more impossible. It is quite true that for the next few years producers may reckon on very large profits, even enormous profits, and that for some years after that profits may remain abnormal, but in course of time the return from an acre of rubber must come down to an equivalent to the return from an acre of tea, or any other tropical product.

It does not follow from this that the present prices of Rubber shares are necessarily too high; the producing Companies, as I said above, must make huge profits in the next few years; for instance, on the lowest possible estimate of prices and yield, *Bukit Rajah* shares should return £6 per share in dividends between now and July 1913. But the very greatest caution is requisite in buying the shares of Companies which will not reach the producing stage for some years, and especially in paying a premium of several hundreds per cent. for such shares. Those who obtain these shares at par or at a small premium may fairly expect, where the Company is well managed, to receive a reasonable return; but those who buy the same shares at three or four hundreds per cent. premium are simply "looking for trouble." Your regular readers are aware that I have consistently recommended investment in the best of the Rubber shares since the time when they were standing at a fraction of their present prices, and I still think them well worth holding for dividends; but this wholesale flotation of new Companies whose shares are immediately quoted at a premium is a game at which, in the long run, the public is sure to lose. When the time of stress comes, the determining factor in the success or non-success of a Company will be the cost of labour.

This is already fully recognised by those who are in touch with the plantations, and it is for this reason that Java is coming more and more into favour. Sumatra also is able at present to draw an ample labour-supply from Java, but in a few years' time the teeming population and excellent soil of Java will undoubtedly place it in the forefront as a rubber-producer. Unfortunately, the number of sound English Companies with plantations in Java is limited. I mentioned one such Company last week, the *Java Amalgamated Rubber Estates*, and some of your readers may like to have a few particulars of it. At the statutory meeting on the 2nd of this month, the Chairman remarked: "There were very few properties floated last year which could claim to be in possession of 2700 acres of rubber, largely interplanted with coffee, costing only approximately £30 per acre." A large proportion of the rubber trees are three years old. The price paid by the Company for the estates, the total acreage being 4000 acres, was £90,466, of which £17,000 was payable in fully paid shares. The issued capital is £140,000 in £1 shares, so that the Company starts with a working capital of £47,000, which it is estimated will leave a surplus available for the acquisition of other properties after providing sufficient funds to bring the whole of the estates into bearing. The directors include such well-known experts as Mr. Frank Copeman, and Mr. W. F. de B. Maclaren, in addition to the Chairman, Mr. Herbert Wright.

At the time of writing, the £1 shares of this Company are quoted at 7s. premium, which represents a valuation of only £40 per acre. This is a reasonable figure, on which a very satisfactory return may be expected, and the shares should be bought and put away for a couple of years.

Saturday, Feb. 12, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

INK BOTTLE.—(1) We have a poor opinion of the concern. The expert sent out is just returning, and the real facts will then be known. It is difficult to advise, but if the shares were our own we should clear out at any reasonable loss. As to why so large a proportion of new Companies are at a discount we expect it is that many are rotten, and many of even the sound ones badly subscribed. (2) We have no faith in it.

J. J. L.—Your letter was answered fully on the 10th inst.

B. W. A.—You were entitled to have the amount due to you as a dissentient member settled by arbitration, but your letter does not give us sufficient data to say whether that right still exists. Consult a solicitor who is up in Company law, and show him all the papers you have. Probably you can refuse the liquidators' valuation and insist on arbitration.

L. D. (Paris).—Your letter was answered on the 11th and on the 12th instants.

ROCK-DUBLIN.—Things are improving in South Africa. We think the danger is probably over, and should hold for recovery.

LANSDOWNE.—The *Financier* probably quotes the shares. The commission seems high. You might have been charged $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. The price was about right.

J. K.—Hold your Argentine Rails, and, if you can afford it, buy a few more at present price.

J. G.—The *Financier*, the *Statist*, or the Saturday issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* might give you the prices you want.

OH AA.—We hear Chersonese for a quick rise. It is a gamble.

J. D. D.—(1) Yes, especially in the case of the Imperial Company. (2) The reasons are various—unfair allotment, no dealing, articles objectionable, property not acquired, and such like.

CAREFUL.—A reasonable speculative investment. It is not a true prior lien.

KYLE.—(a) We have no faith. (b and c) Gambles.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Warwick these may run well: County Hurdle, The Alant; Amateur Steeplechase, Ards Rover; Leamington Steeplechase, Vinegar Hill; Watergall Hurdle, Quarry. At Newbury I like these: Spring Hurdle, Greater; Theale Hurdle, Gallivant; Newbury Steeplechase, Butter Ball; Hunters' Hurdle Cup, Lark II.; Andover Steeplechase, Judas; Reading Steeplechase, Regent.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Position on a
Two-Seater.

A general idea obtains that the same chassis will serve equally well for a two as for a four-seated body, and those who have come into

possession of two-seated cars in which the seat for the two passengers occupies the same position as it would had the rear seat been added have found to their chagrin that, owing to the great preponderance of weight on the front wheels, the car has neither ridden nor steered so well as was expected. To accommodate a two-seater properly, the steering-column must be considerably lengthened, and set at a much sharper rake than for a four-seater. In fact, the line of the back of the seat of a two-seater should be very little in advance of a line drawn vertically tangential to the front of the rear-wheels. To do this artistically and comfortably a formable sort of scuttle dash must be adopted; indeed, if a two-seated car is to be presentable and comfortable, it must be provided with such a dash, with high side-doors.

Will France Spare
Us?

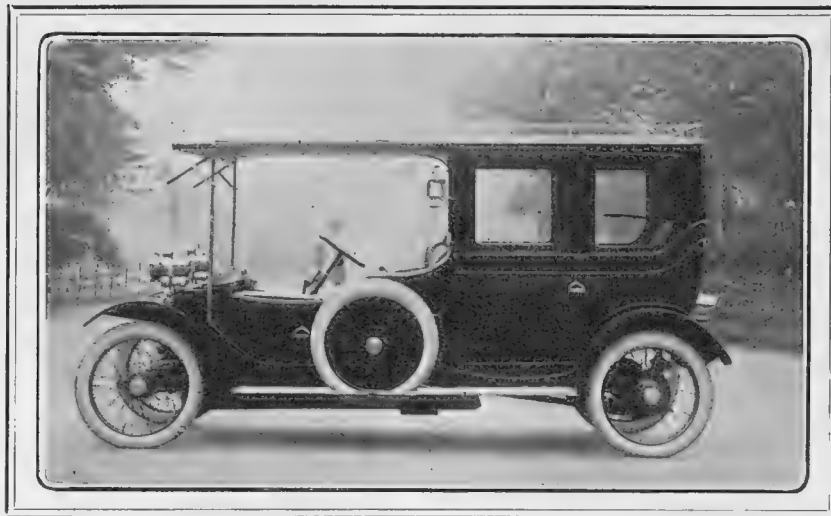
Every British motorist who intends to tour, or who has toured, and hopes to tour again, in France will wish more power to the elbow of that real live, active Association, the Touring Club of France, and M. Louis Lemoine, in the strenuous representations made to the Paris Chamber of Commerce, and consequently to the French Government, against the proposals to tax foreign motorists while on a tour in France of more than ten days' duration. On behalf of

his great club, M. Lemoine points out that to tax the foreign motorist touring in France is to tax him twice over, for he already pays heavy imposts in his own country. Not only will he be harassed by the tax, but he will be seriously inconvenienced and discouraged by the red tape, formalities, and annoyances which are bound to ensue. M. Lemoine puts the case very strongly indeed,

both for the foreigner and for his own countrymen, who profit very largely by the ever-increasing number of motorists who tour the land of fair France year after year. In the meantime, what is the Automobile Club of France and what is our own Royal Automobile Club doing in the matter?

Aeroplane and The faculty of reaching
Dirigible. great altitudes, hitherto regarded as peculiar to machines lighter than air—in fact, dirigibles, to which Germany appears to be tacking her faith—must now be considered as shared to a very large extent by the mechanically propelled air-machine. In the contemplation of the progress of aviation it is

very much a moot point just now as to which will prove the most practical war-machine—the dirigible lighter-than-air ship or the heavier-than-air aeroplane. The aeroplane has an endurance record of over 120 miles at a speed of some 40 miles per hour, and a height record of over 4000 feet. There is no dirigible in existence that has ever approached these united performances. When M. Farman rose to establish his claim to the Michelin Cup at Chalons at the end of last year, he took up with him sufficient petrol to keep him flying for seven hours, although he descended at 2 hours 30 min., having no more worlds to conquer for the moment.



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WITH RUDGE-WHITWORTH DETACHABLE WHEELS.

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provides the highest standard of refinement and luxury in automobile construction. Flexibility of engine, extraordinary power on hills, low petrol consumption, lightness on tyres, perfect suspension and un-failing reliability are its main features. Copy of new Catalogue sent on request. THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS CO. LTD., No. 5, SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM. Contractors to H.M. Government; War Office, India Office; Post Office; and Colonial and Foreign Governments.

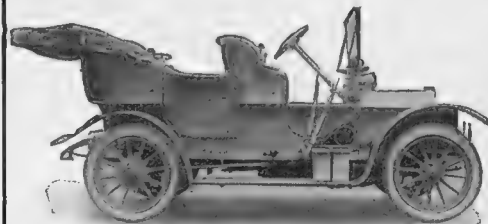


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This is no trivial question; at back of it lies all the seriousness of our endeavours to meet your requirements and to afford you the fine joy of possessing a creditable car. All that money, brains, and vast resources of experience combined can effect to make a piece of engineering sound, both in theory and practice, have been lavished on the Armstrong-Whitworth.

Let us introduce you to the outstanding merits of our leading line for 1910, if we have not already done so.

SIR W. G. ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH & Co., Ltd.,
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1910 TYPES.

12-14-h.p., 4 cyl.

18-22-h.p., 4 cyl.

25-h.p., 4 cyl.

A.J.W.

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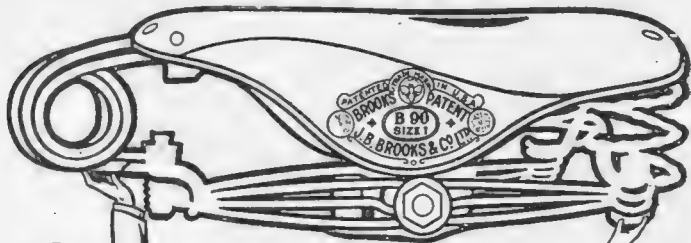
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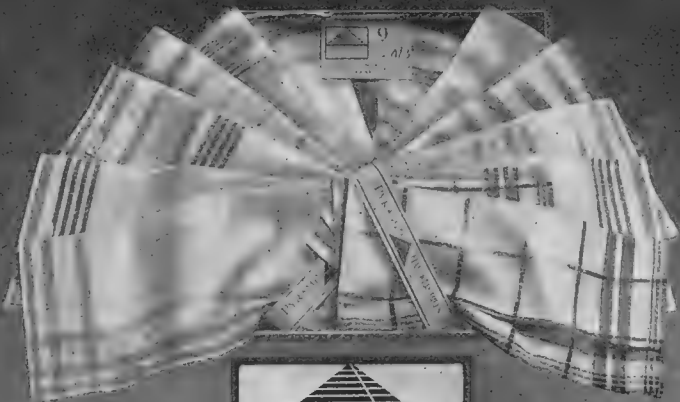
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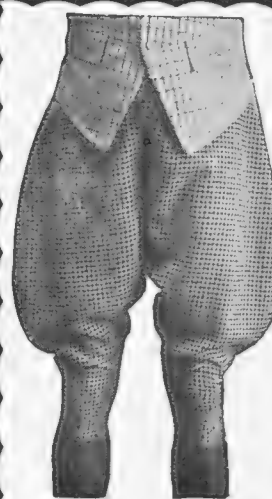
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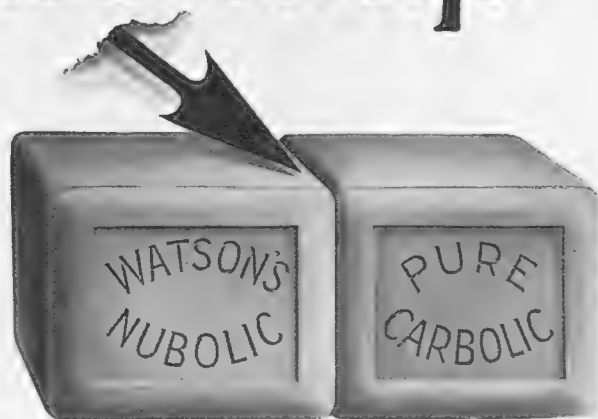
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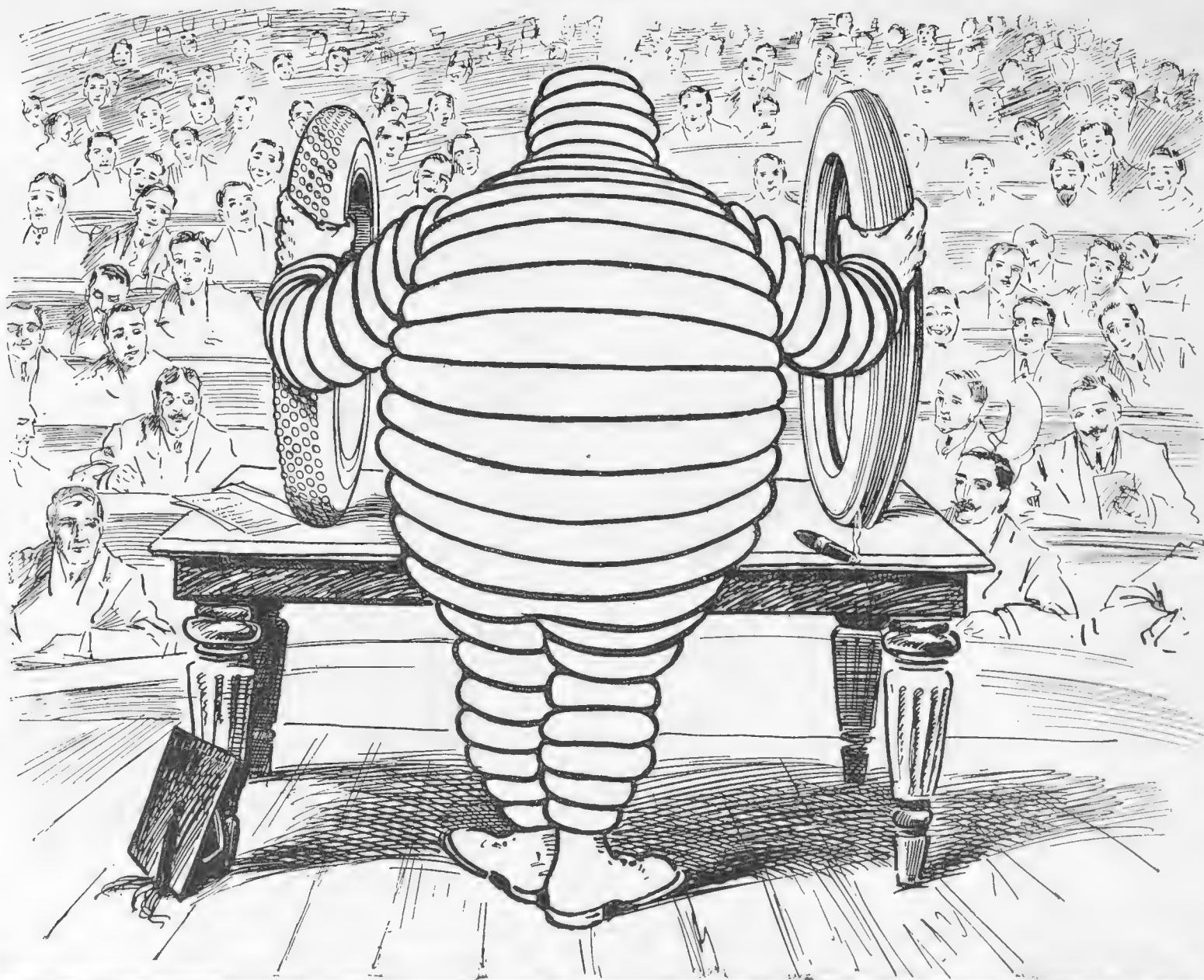
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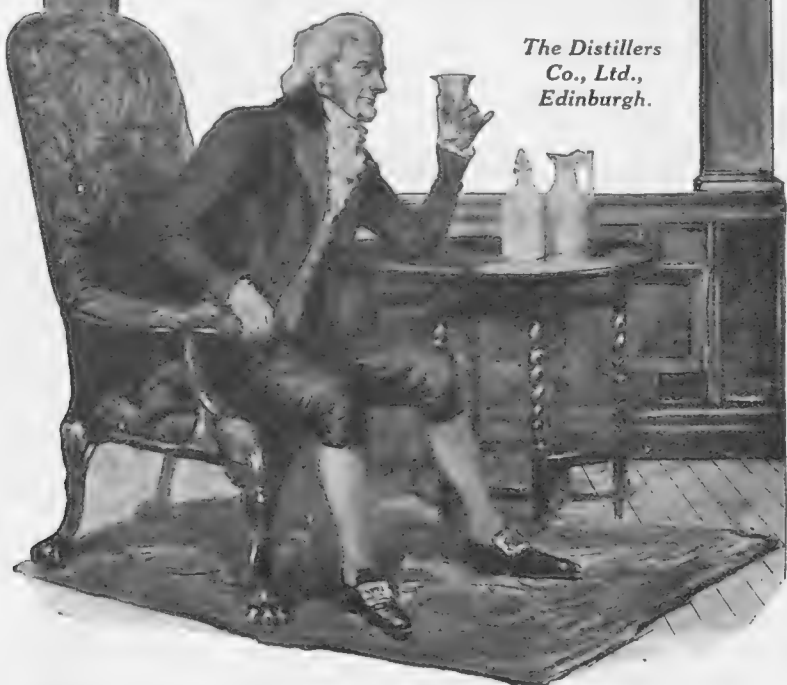
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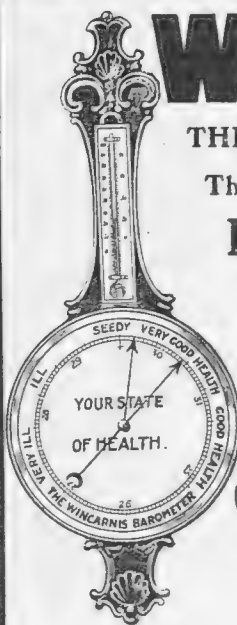
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"The Sketch," February 16, 1910.

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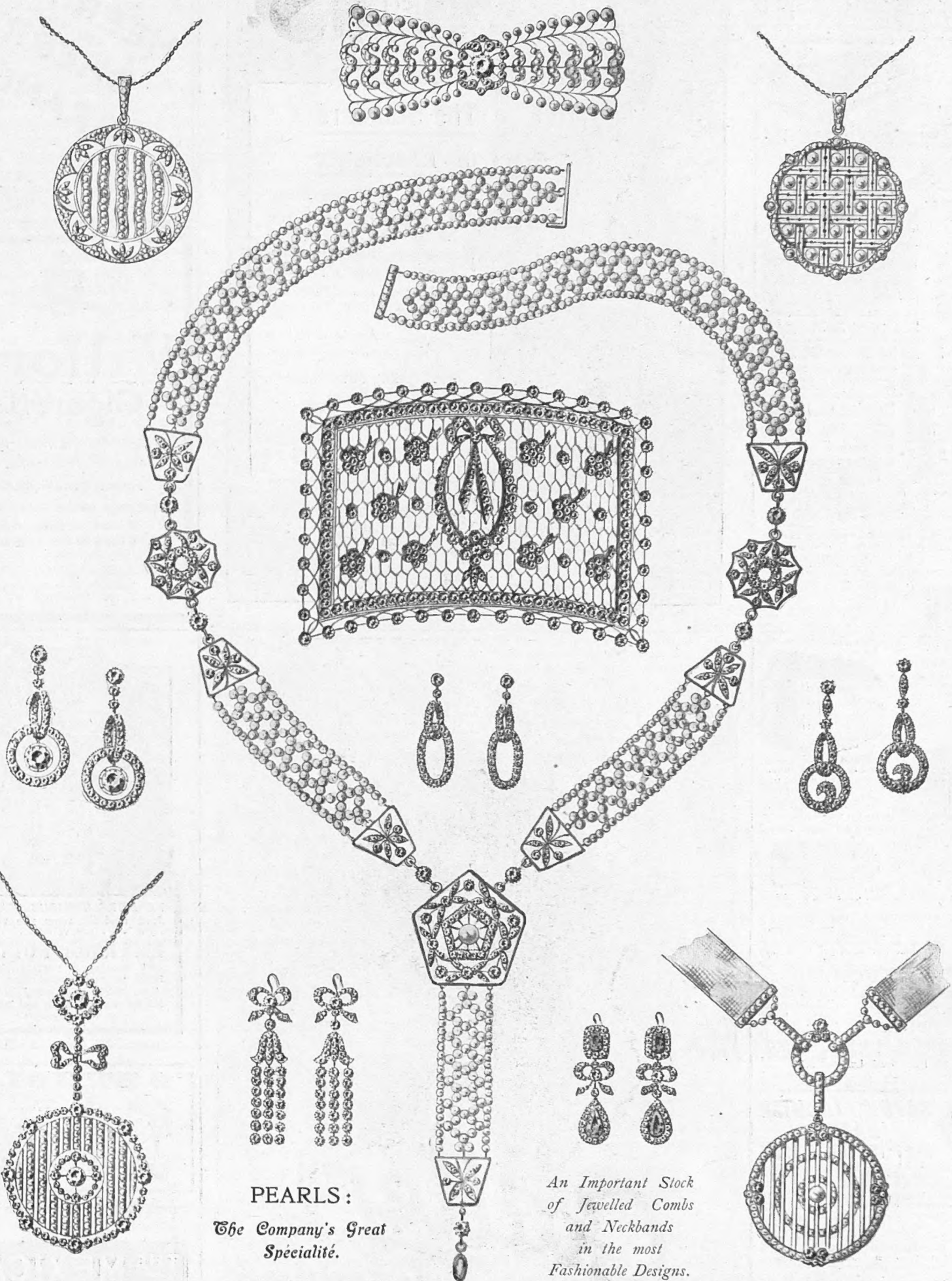
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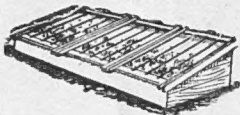
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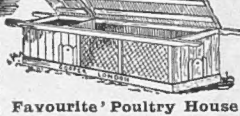


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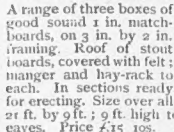
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GENERAL NOTES.

IN the 1910 edition of that valuable work of reference, "The Year's Art," which Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. now publish at 5s. net, the editor has striven to keep the book within handy proportions. The directory of artists, which was found to be overloaded with names of artists not now practising, or even dead, has been thoroughly revised. The volume includes interesting data on recent bequests of art-treasures, on the exodus of works of art to America, and on art sales. As an epitome of all important events of the past year, it maintains its high standard, and it is, as usual, beautifully illustrated.

At Covent Garden on Friday night the London Art Students held a fancy-dress ball, or "Artists' Revel," which was a great success. As was naturally to be expected from the character of the company, the costumes were of the most tasteful and artistic description, and made as picturesque a scene as could well be imagined. Among the patrons of the ball were Sir George and Lady Frampton, Professor Edward Lanteri, Mr. George Clausen, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, and Mr. W. Hamo Thornycroft.

At Nast Hyde, near Hatfield, a new station on the Great Northern Railway has just been opened. It has been built to serve a fine new residential estate, which is being laid out at Nast Hyde, and among other attractive features will be a golf-course of

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Important improvements in decoration, heating, and ventilation have recently been made in the famous Whitehall Rooms of the Hotel Métropole, which ever since their opening nearly a quarter of a century ago have been so much in demand for regimental dinners and other banquets, wedding festivities, dances, and various social gatherings. The new decorations are the work of Messrs. Maple and Co., and the heating arrangements have been carried out by Messrs. Ashwell and Nesbit. At a luncheon given to inaugurate the reopening of these rooms there were present, among others, the Earl of Bessborough (chairman of the Gordon Hotels), Mr. William Coxon (managing director of the Gordon Hotels), and Mr. E. Richard (general manager of the Métropole).

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